The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1930

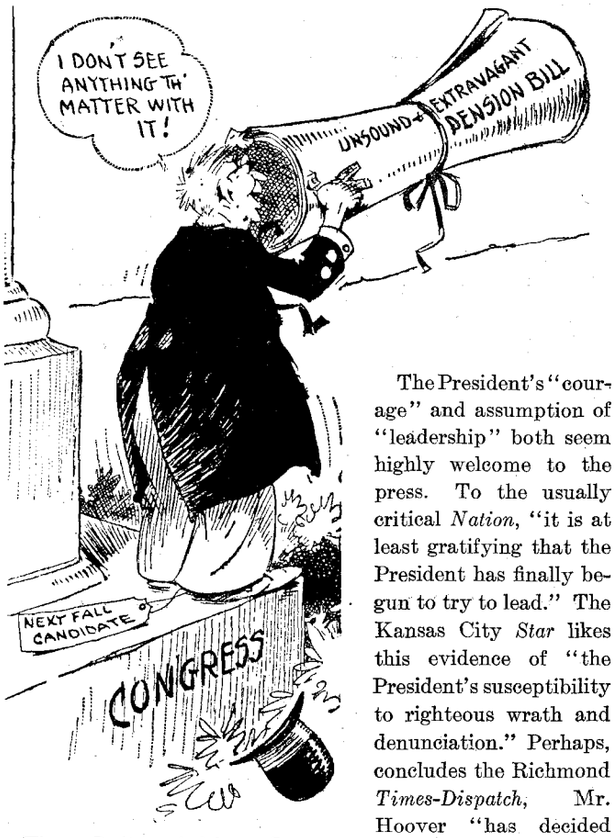
TOPICS OF THE DAY

Mr. Hoover Takes Down the Big Stick

THERE WAS A NEW GLINT IN THE HOOVER EYE, "only half-suppressed anger in his voice."

"Mr. Hoover is beginning to lose his temper," reported one of the correspondents listening to the President's statement to the nation condemning the pension bill he was about to veto. To this observer, Elliott Thurston of the New York *World*, it looked as if Mr. Hoover had "decided to reach for the long-neglected big stick, and to brandish it menacingly enough to convince the rebellious Congressmen that they can no longer trifle with him."

Trampling his pet theory of non-interference with Congressional functions "beneath indignant feet," Mr. Hoover "pulled off his coat, doubled his fists, and sailed into the pension raiders with such vigor," as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* reminds us, that the House of Representatives upheld his veto, and began to frame a bill more to his liking. This appearance of a new Hoover interests the correspondents and editors almost as much as the apparent fact that we are now about to repeat in the case of the World War veterans the story of ever-widening pension payments that followed the Civil War.



That Political View-Point
—Brown in the Charleston "Mail."

The President's "courage" and assumption of "leadership" both seem highly welcome to the press. To the usually critical *Nation*, "it is at least gratifying that the President has finally begun to try to lead." The Kansas City *Star* likes this evidence of "the President's susceptibility to righteous wrath and denunciation." Perhaps, concludes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Mr. Hoover "has decided suddenly to become a real President." The course which Mr. Hoover has taken "is full of hazards, but also of honors," declares the New York *Times*. "He will find, if he persists in the direct and aggressive manner which he has adopted in this instance, that the American people still believe that 'power clings to him who power exerts.'"

IF President Hoover, "continues to display the forcefulness which of late has wisely marked his dealing with Congress, and brings to practical fruition some of the projects for which he has been laying the foundations, by careful research and the assembling of facts, he will make the latter part of his term conspicuous in its service," says the Chicago *Evening Post*, and it ventures to predict "that President Hoover's popularity will steadily increase as his term runs on."

At any rate, one definite legislative accomplishment is credited to the President by the veteran Republican leader in the Senate, Mr. Watson, who declared that the bill vetoed by Mr. Hoover, and thereafter voted down in the House, was the first pension bill in his memory defeated by White House initiative.

To help us understand how the veterans' compensation problem has suddenly attained such prominence, L. C. Speers of the New York *Times* bids us go back to the last days of April when the House voted and sent to the Senate a bill amending the present laws so as to extend the assumption of soldier-disability limit in the existing law as January 1, 1925, to January 1, 1930. We are reminded that "under existing law, ex-soldiers suffering from certain stated diseases, mainly tubercular and mental, are, in case where the affliction developed prior to 1925, 'presumed' to have acquired them as a result of service in the World War." The new bill extended the time limit and added more diseases. This had the approval of the American Legion, whose leaders felt that a number of border-line cases were not being properly cared for. Incidentally, officials of the Legion have been quoted in the press to the effect that their organization has consistently favored relief for men actually disabled in the service, and not until they are fully cared for should veterans who left the service in good health receive aid. The Legion, it has been added, has never favored general pensions for able-bodied veterans.

WHILE the bill was before the Senate, President Hoover sent a letter to Senator Watson declaring that it did not meet the desires of the veterans themselves, and placed an unjustified load upon taxpayers. And the President enclosed a letter from Secretary Mellon emphasizing the burden on the taxpayer, and another from Director Frank T. Hines of the Veterans Bureau criticizing the measure under discussion. The next day the Senate passed this bill with only six dissenting votes. There

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was much speech-making and, as reported by M. Farmer Murphy of the Baltimore *Sun*—

"The complaint which ran through all the speeches was that the President never uttered a word of protest when the House passed a bill which called for even greater appropriations than the Senate bill; that he came forward with no suggestions in all the weeks that the legislation has been pending, and that he never warned of a Treasury deficit when he was proposing ship subsidies or tax-reductions, the speakers declared."

THEN came a new blast from the White House in the shape of a press conference statement, in which Mr. Hoover said: "This veterans' bill is just bad legislation. It is no more in the interests of veterans than in the interest of the taxpayer." The President called attention to various "discrepancies," "injustices," and "subterfuges" he discovered in the bill. He argued that a proper measure meeting the wishes of the American Legion and taking care of emergencies and marginal cases might easily be devised.

Then came one of the strangest legislative episodes of recent years in Washington. House Republicans, under the leadership of Speaker Longworth, met and decided to sustain the President's veto when made, and then to back a substitute measure less objectionable to him. This program went through according to schedule. The President's veto message was a vigorously written document calling for "a square deal between veterans—not unjust discriminations between special groups." He added that the bill, according to government estimates, would cost $110,000,000 the first year, and that this would increase to $235,000,000 annually. But what the President declared himself unable to overlook were "the discriminations and injustices which this legislation creates, together with its failure to meet the real need that exists to-day among our veterans in a fundamental and sound manner."

Then followed the passage in the House of a new bill meeting many of the President's objections and providing for pensions for disabled veterans, not now being compensated, whether their cases are service cases or not.

IRRESPECTIVE of the final form of this legislation, it is interesting to find that practically the entire press of the country applauded the President's veto of the original bill. Papers from Boston to Sacramento, from Albany, New York, to Atlanta, Georgia, condemned the measure unsparingly. The Boston *News Bureau* called it "a compound of mid-summer political madness, plus some anti-Administration temper, and particularly plus some side thought in both chambers of the coming fall elections." In his stand for "common sense," the President had the people behind him, a score of papers declare.

But leaving all specific legislation out of consideration, here is the important fact as seen by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press:* "Less than twelve years after the close of the World War, behold the thin entering wedge of a pension system." Our pension history since the first law of September 29, 1789, enables us to describe "a typical cycle of pension legislation," says the New York *World:*

"In the initial phase pensions are granted only for wounds or disease arising directly from war service. There is general agreement that the pension list must be kept a 'roll of honor'; the soldier's wounds will be bound up, and his widow and orphan succored generously, but that is all.

"But presently there is a new demand. It is claimed that many diseases incurred during the war crop out only long afterward; that it is a shame for any veteran to be ill and penniless. The politicians and veterans join hands, giving every ailing veteran, no matter when or how his ailment was incurred, a pension. That is, we enter upon the second phase of general-disability pensions.

"A few years pass, and the veteran grows older. Infirmities become general. There arises a clamor for the third step—passage of a service pension law. It is passed, and every veteran, even if he served but a few weeks and benefited in every way by the service, is granted a pension."

SIMILARLY a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, Paul Ambrose Tierney, himself a World War veteran, records that after every one of our wars the course of legislation has been something like this:

"First, immediate provision for the sick and the wounded, then provision for those who develop ailments directly traceable to military service. Next a liberalizing of the categories of ailments presumptively due to service, and then a direct pension for all disabled veterans, no matter what the cause of disability.

"Soon thereafter comes the stage when disability provisions are so generous that mere possession of an honorable discharge brings a monthly stipend, and finally all the dependents of veterans are admitted to the pension list.

"Despite Presidential resistance in this instance, one fact stands out:

"Congress has taken the first step toward the ultimate pensioning of the entire National Army."

THE question whether there is to be a pension system for World War veterans is no longer debatable, says Ashmun Brown in the Providence *Journal:* "the system is certainly here." This Washington correspondent reminds us that:

"At the time the war-risk insurance law was enacted in 1917, later when the Veterans' Bureau was created, and still later when the bonus bill was enacted, it was announced loudly and often that all these measures were to prevent the establishment of a pension system for the 4,000,000 men who joined the colors in 1917-18, and their wives, widows, and dependents. The legislators and the whole Government joined in the chorus, asserting that the heavy cost of the Civil War and Spanish War pension system would not be imposed on future generations because of the World War.

"It might be remarked here that when the United States entered the war the existing pension system was costing $160,000,000 a year. The total cost of all forms of veterans' relief is now close to $800,000,000, and the bill veteed adds an estimated $100,000,000 to that for the first year."

What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. Who invented the motion-picture? (p. 15).
2. Why should sliding to bases be abolished? (p. 30).
3. On what date was the Rhineland freed? (p. 9).
4. Who is our new Prohibition chief? (p. 8).
5. What is the name of Cornell's rowing coach? (p. 40).
6. How did Byrd correct a "discovery" of Amundsen's? (p. 24).
7. What is "Allegheny metal"? (p. 28).
8. What is the best way to mend a wire screen? (p. 28).
9. What per cent. of the population are church members? (p. 18).
10. What two games are supplanting sand-lot baseball? (p. 36).
11. What is a "horst" in Antarctic lands? (p. 24).
12. Where may be the world's last resort for coal? (p. 24).
13. Where do we find the most flying-clubs? (p. 26).
14. How does a prima donna applaud a rival? (p. 17).
15. Why is it good business to give to social welfare work? (p. 19).
16. Who is the foremost living astrophysicist? (p. 26).
17. How is Britain "up against it"? (p. 13).
18. How do Chinese bandits make money out of missionaries? (p. 20).
19. What caused the recent revolt in Bolivia? (p. 10).
20. What is the largest denomination in the country? (p. 18).

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Citizenship for Conscientious Objectors?

"THE RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE are inalienable rights which the citizen need not surrender, and which the Government or society can not take away."

These words, from the ruling of Judge Martin T. Manton, explain why the Federal Court of Appeals in New York, reversing the opinions of the District Courts of Connecticut and New York, declares that a Canadian professor of theology who "could not put allegiance for the Government of any country before allegiance to the will of God," and a Canadian war nurse who said that she would promise to defend the Constitution "as far as her conscience as a Christian would allow," are entitled to American citizenship.

But it seems that the matter is not yet settled, and their cases are to be carried to the United States Supreme Court. And in the meantime an examination of the editorial pages of our dailies gives the impression that public opinion is far from being in unanimous agreement with Judge Manton's opinion that conscience should be permitted to attach reservations to the oath of allegiance. For while many join with the New York *World* in applauding the ruling of the Court of Appeals, others agree with the Boston *Transcript* that the decision of the lower courts was sound, because it is not easy to see "how any man is competent to interpret with exactness the will of God."

Bachrach photograph

Qualified Allegiance

Admits Dr. Macintosh to United States Citizenship.

THE two whose applications for citizenship will probably bring this question of the rights of conscience before the Supreme Court are the Rev. Dr. Douglas Clyde Macintosh, professor of theology at Yale, and Miss Marie Averil Bland, both Canadians.

Dr. Macintosh served as a chaplain in the World War, and Miss Bland as a nurse. In applying for citizenship, Dr. Macintosh refused to promise to bear arms for this country in case of war unless he felt the cause to be just, and Miss Bland said that her Christian conscience would not permit her to bear arms, but that she was willing to go to the front lines to nurse the wounded, and to help the United States in every other way possible.

In the report of the case in the New York *World*, we read:

"In its opinions on the two cases, both written by Presiding Judge Manton, the higher court took cognizance of conscientious scruples against war. 'The rights of conscience are inalienable rights, which the citizen need not surrender and which the Government or society can not take away,' wrote Judge Manton in the Macintosh case, and went on to point out that the Kellogg pact recognized the distinctions between 'a morally justified and an unjustifiable war.'

"Of Miss Bland, the Court wrote: 'This appellant said that she would promise to defend the Constitution as far as her conscience as a Christian would allow. The Government, by its Constitution and its acts of Congress, never exacted more from any applicant.'

"Judge Manton—and for that matter Miss Bland's attorney—both took occasion to deny that the case paralleled that of Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian pacifist, who was denied citizenship by the United States Supreme Court over a year ago because she had 'no sense of nationalism, but only a cosmic sense of belonging to the human family.'

"All three cases were fought purely as a matter of principle, since the persons concerned are all beyond the age of active military service. Miss Bland is forty-seven, Dr. Macintosh is fifty-three, and Madame Schwimmer at the time she applied for citizenship was forty-nine."

Sitting with Judge Manton in the Court of Appeals were Judge Swan and Judge Hand, and the decisions were unanimous. In a long opinion, Judge Manton said, in part:

"The question presented here differs from that presented in the case of Schwimmer vs. United States. She stated she was an absolute atheist, and said, 'I am not willing to bear arms,' but she was willing to do everything that an American citizen must do except fight. This applicant was willing to bear arms and reserved merely the right to determine for himself whether the war was justified according to the dictates of his conscience.

"Mrs. Schwimmer said she was an uncompromising pacifist, and was found to have no sense of nationalism, but only a cosmic sense of belonging to the human family, and opposed the use of military force as admitted by the Constitution and by the laws.

"The appellant, on the other hand, was willing to give the United States 'all the allegiance he ever had given or could give to any country,' but said he would not put allegiance to the Government of any country before the will of God. This appellant, from his answers, indicates an upright sense of obligation to his God, and has carefully explained his willingness to be a citizen of the United States, assuming the responsibilities and obligations of its form of Government, and at the same time he has a high regard for his general duty to humanity. He wishes to keep pure his religious scruples.

"It will, of course, be recognized as a duty of the citizen to bear arms in defense of his country, but there is also the well-recognized affection for his Government if, by reason of a conscientious religious scruple, he requests being excused from bearing arms. . . . Nor is there any fixt principle of the Constitution of this country requiring a citizen with conscientious or religious scruples to nevertheless bear arms in time of war. Congress has recognized that persons having conscientious scruples against bearing arms shall be exempt.

"There is a distinction between a morally justified and an unjustified war, as recognized in international law. Such recognition was given in the recent Kellogg pact.

"No more is demanded of an alien who becomes a citizen than a natural-born citizen, and when an alien becomes a citizen he is accorded all the rights and privileges accorded to a natural-born citizen.

"Appellant's application should have been granted."

WHILE applauding the decision in favor of Dr. Macintosh and Miss Bland, the New York *World* remarks:

"Judge Manton was evidently handicapped in his ruling by the decision of the Supreme Court in 1928 upholding the denial of citizenship to Madame Schwimmer. In order to get around that decision it was necessary for the Court of Appeals to draw as sharp a distinction as possible between these cases. It found certain differences, and they were mainly religious. Dr. Macintosh merely wished 'to keep pure his religious scruples.' Madame Schwimmer, however, was 'an absolute atheist,' and an 'uncompromising pacifist,' with 'no sense of nationalism.' When the court drew this contrast between the religious beliefs of various applicants, and justified these as a basis for granting or withholding naturalization, it came dangerously near to prescribing a religious test for citizenship."

"It is difficult to see why, in a country devoted to the principle of a divorced State and Church, the courts should discriminate between hatred of war based on Christian conscience and hatred of war based on a more universal and more purely human form of conscience," agrees the New York *Telegram*.

"National allegiance with reservations," seems a dangerous experiment to the Philadelphia *Record*. If citizens are to choose their own wars, adds the Boston *Transcript*, "it is only a question of time before our unity as a nation ceases."

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Colonel Woodcock, Our New Dry "Czar"

BALD, angular, quiet, and dignified, Col. Amos W. W. Woodcock, "small-town lawyer," of Maryland, climbs to that storm-harried peak, the directorship of the Prohibition Bureau.

Named by Attorney-General Mitchell to head the bureau upon its transfer from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, on July 1, Colonel Woodcock gives up his job as United States Attorney at Baltimore to tackle an admittedly tremendous task.

Times Wide World

"Lawful Enforcement"

Is the aim of Colonel Woodcock, new Prohibition chief.

Forty-six years old and a bachelor, he brings to his new "czardom" the diversified experience of a teacher, soldier, and lawyer. His hobby seems to be work; by his own statement he plays golf once a year.

"He is personally dry, but by no means a fanatic on Prohibition," says the Salisbury *Times*, in the Maryland city where Mr. Woodcock lives with his two sisters. As for his attitude toward the directorship, which we are told he did not want, Colonel Woodcock says:

"The Prohibition Law will be enforced honestly, decently, and fairly, and, above all, lawfully. And that is as much as any citizen can ask, and no more than he should desire."

IT was Colonel Woodcock's able prosecution of Prohibition Law offenders in a State which has no enforcement law of its own that attracted Washington's attention to him, we read. Out of 11,000 liquor-violation cases, says the New York *Times*, he obtained 8,000 convictions. Since he was first appointed United States Attorney, in 1922, we are told by Attorney-General Mitchell—

"He has made an excellent record, and has gained the respect of his State for the fair, fearless, and efficient manner in which he has performed his duties.

"Last winter he was appointed to work with the National Commission on Law Enforcement, and spent several months in making a study of the enforcement of Federal and State Prohibition laws.

"The new director is a native of Maryland. He is a graduate of St. John's College, at Annapolis, received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the University of Maryland in 1910, and the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard University in 1913; and has practised law in Maryland since 1914 as a member of the firm of Woodcock & Webb, of Salisbury. He was Assistant Attorney-General of the State immediately prior to his appointment as United States Attorney.

"Colonel Woodcock is lieutenant-colonel in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army. He has been identified with the National Guard since 1907; served on the Mexican border in 1916, and as captain and major in the Expeditionary Forces of the United States Army, being promoted to lieutenant-colonel for meritorious conduct in the front line. He is a member of the American Legion and has served as its department commander for Maryland."

Reorganization of the Prohibition Bureau, upon its transfer to the Department of Justice under the Williamson Act, "is regarded as the most important move made toward drying up the source of liquor under the Hoover Administration," says the Baltimore *Sun*. Henceforth, the Attorney-General will be responsible for enforcing the law. Dr. James M. Doran, head of the old Prohibition Bureau, stays on as head of a new Bureau of Industrial Alcohol.

QUIET, hard work, with no touch of sensationalism in it, is believed to be the aim of the new Prohibition régime, the Washington correspondents tell us. An appeal for State support and cooperation in the new plan is made by Mr. Mitchell:

"The moral obligation to take measures to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment rests alike on the Federal and State governments.

"In those States which have repealed enforcement statutes, and whose authorities do not perform a proper share of the work, there have been, and will continue to be, grave deficiencies in enforcement. Where such conditions exist, they are a matter of choice with the States. Some States enforce their liquor laws so effectively as to leave little to be done by the Federal Government.

"The department will put forth a special effort to confer with authorities of each State, or at least those who have enforcement statutes of their own, relative to the part the States may play in the performance of this difficult task, and to secure that degree of law observance and enforcement which can only come through the united efforts of the State and Federal governments, supported by the large body of citizens who, whatever their views toward the object of the Eighteenth Amendment, believe that the law of the land should be respected and obeyed."

WETS and drys alike seem pleased by the appointment of Colonel Woodcock. And they should be, says the Baltimore *Sun:*

"The drys should be pleased because his heart is in the cause, and he has demonstrated that he is both vigorous and fearless in prosecution of offenders.

"The wets should be pleased because he will have opportunity to show to what extent these qualifications can succeed in making the law effective.

"If progress is not made under the new régime, the argument that it is impossible to make the country dry under our present Prohibition laws will carry the greater weight."

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The New Disciplinarian

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

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France Leaves German Soil

TO THE CRASHING MUSIC of a regimental band, a column of blue-clad soldiers swings smartly down the street for the last time, and disappears.

The invader is gone.

The Rhineland is free.

Aloft whips the black, red, and gold banner of the German Reich where the Tricolor of France floated so long. From poles and windows and shop-fronts, as if by magic, the flag is flung out for the first time in nearly twelve years.

Bands blare, church-bells ring, thousands cheer and sing, and bonfires blaze up from a thousand points along the Rhine, the "German Rhine" once more, as the entire nation joins in a great demonstration of thanksgiving and jubilation.

Six million people of the occupation zone, freed at last from the suzerainty of the conqueror, proclaim a "week of joy" at being rejoined to the Fatherland.

As the last fragment of the occupation forces, a scant 1,800 French troops, marched away on June 30, the Inter-allied High Commission also departed from German soil.

Highly dramatic and emotional were the scenes that accompanied this leave-taking, the dispatches tell us. At Wiesbaden, three flags, Belgian, British and French, were hauled down from the High Commission building, but at Mainz, writes a French correspondent of the New York *Times*, "our departure was even more moving," for "every one felt the emotion of that moment, its pride and its distress, and in the streets there were cries and laughter." As the last preparations were being made, every one kept looking up at the French colors over the Grand Ducal palace—

"Colonel Darbonneau of the famous Eighth Regiment of Infantry had drawn up his men for this last parade.

"In the crowd which watched there was not a sound, not a gesture. It was as if a great shadow hung over every one, French and German. The silence became oppressive.

"Then at the entrance to the little square, where Napoleon had once stood to review his guard, and where once the Iron Chancellor had taken the salute, a silhouette in blue stept out. General Guillaumat, his hand on his sword hilt, was, like all of us, trembling a little. But his emotion showed only in the military snap of his movements and in his words. Rapidly he reviewed his troops.

"Then he, too, turned his gaze toward the roof and toward the symbol which flew there.

"With his sword he drew a shining silver line through the golden air.

"'*Au drapeau*,' his order rang out.

"Bugles sounded. In a voice which trembled slightly he commanded, 'For France, La Marsellaise.' As the first notes rose the flag was loosed from the flagstaff. Slowly it fell, billowing for the last time in the wind like a wounded bird, and came to rest.

"The Rhineland sky was free.

"From the crowd a single cry uttered by thousands of throats rose in salute. The Sergeant-Major folded up the flag, orders rang out, and through Mainz our troops marched for the last time to the station.

"Cries and shouting broke out. Some were cries of joy, some of hate, and there was, too, the melancholy good-by of waving handkerchiefs.

"'We have done here all we had to do,' were General Guillaumat's last words. 'We are leaving with a sentiment of not having failed France's honor.'

"The last train had scarcely steamed out when all the shop fronts and houses were covered with German flags, and from the cafés rose the strains of 'Deutschland Ueber Alles.'"

Over the Rhine
—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

"THUS ends the World War, eleven and one-half years after the Armistice was signed," said Burgomaster Ehrhard, of Mainz, and his opinion is shared by many American editors.

But the occupation might have been extended much longer, we are reminded by John Elliott, Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Under the Versailles Treaty the Allies were privileged to occupy the Rhineland until 1935.

"Withdrawal to-day was in line with the reparations settlement effected by the Young plan, under which the Bank for International Settlements will operate. At one time to insure payment of reparations by Germany, the Allies had more than 100,000 troops in the country, and the inhabitants of the occupied zones were subject to rigid restrictions."

"This is neither a retreat nor a capitulation, but an act of faith in German loyalty," declared French High Commissioner Paul Tirard. "All that remains on the Rhine is the word which Germany has given. The future depends on how that word is kept."

President von Hindenburg, in a proclamation, gave expression to Germany's view-point:

"After long years of hardships and waiting, the demand of all Germans was to-day fulfilled.

"Loyalty to the Fatherland, patriotic perseverance, and common sacrifice have restored to the occupied territory the highest possession of every people—freedom . . .

"After years of bitter distress, after the acceptance of oppressive burdens, we have regained for the Rhineland a freedom that we shall preserve for the welfare and future of our Fatherland.

"Therefore, in this solemn hour, let us be united in the pledge 'Deutschland Ueber Alles.'"

How does Paris view the evacuation? Even as she withdraws her troops, we read, France is disquieted by the same fear of her ancient foe, enfeebled tho Germany may be. These "misgivings about the future," says P. J. Philip, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, "find expression in nearly the whole of the French press." "If one is to judge by it," he goes on, "there are very few who seem to believe that the outcome will be such as its advocates have argued, the beginning of a better era of friendship and cooperation with Germany."

But the American press takes a different and more optimistic view. Expressions of gratification and relief over the final evacuation of the Rhineland run through the bulk of the comment.

"To-day there is again a friendly feeling toward Germany," remarks the Troy *Times*, speaking for many, "and there is world-wide gratification at the departure, from its territory, of the foreign forces that were left to hold the defeated country to its post-war obligations."

"It is a further symbol of the liquidation of the war," adds the New York *Evening Post*, "and should be made the starting-point of a new era of increased good-will." Likewise the New York *Times* finds "there is good reason for believing that this may be the last of the marchings and counter-marchings which have ravaged the Rhineland during the centuries."

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The Bolivian Turn-Over

GUNFIRE CRASHES IN THE PLAZA, and a beautiful girl, who has been exhorting the crowd to strike for liberty, falls dead on the platform.

With her is killed her companion, a young student

Then, "gendarmes, mounting machine-guns on trucks, repulsed wave after wave of enraged citizens, until forty or more lay dead on the streets, and more than sixty were wounded."

Thus revolution flared in Bolivia's capital, La Paz, on June 22, as the Associated Press tells us. Sweeping the country, it came to an end a week later with the overthrow of the old régime.

Between 200 and 500 were killed, and hundreds more wounded, the dispatches reveal. And the focal point of the revolt, former President Hernando Siles, "who was accused of attempting to make himself virtual dictator of Bolivia by amending the Constitution so as to permit his reelection for a long term," was in flight.

"La Paz was a city of terror" when the revolt was at its height, writes the United Press correspondent:

"None was safe on the streets, and even two Bolivian guests of the French Minister were killed as they returned home by automobile from a dinner he gave.

"The police, on whom the Council of Ministers relied chiefly for support, imposed the most rigorous martial law on the city. Every one was notified to remain indoors, and in consequence those who appeared on the streets were shot first and then questioned.

"The United Press correspondent watched the scene from a window, and saw men and women, fleeing for shelter, picked off one by one by police rifles and machine-guns.

"One woman, apparently caught far from her own home, implored residents across the street to give her shelter.

"Even children were shot at when they appeared around a corner."

International

Driven Out

Bolivian revolters accused Dr. Siles of planning a dictatorship.

REVOLUTIONARY leaders and newspapers placed responsibility for the bloodshed upon Gen. Hans Kundt, gray-haired, erect Prussian officer, who was chief of staff under the Siles régime. Reports said he had taken refuge in the German legation.

It appears that students were the chief agitators of the revolution. Bolivia, suffering from economic depression, due to a decline in the price of tin, its chief source of revenue, had been in a state of excitement for weeks, and the killing of the girl speaker was the match to the powder barrel.

Gen. Carlos Blanco Galindo led the insurgent movement to success, and a military council took over the Government, planning to hold elections soon.

Causes of the revolution are explained by the New York *Evening World*:

"The Bolivian unrest was caused by financial stringency, which resulted in increased unemployment in mining districts. Active opposition to the Government began taking shape when President Siles resigned in May and the Council of Ministers assumed control.

"As the tin prices continued to decline, the Government felt the financial tightening, which made it difficult to live within its budget.

"Bolivia has maintained a large standing Army pending an accord with Paraguay on the Chaco controversy, and that also drew heavily on the treasury, but the Government felt such an Army urgently necessary, and refused to decrease the number of troops.

"Finally, the Government lost its close contacts with military circles, and the Army went over to the opposition, bringing the crisis to a head."

French Powder, Italian Matches

ITALY AND FRANCE continue to glare at each other over the Alps, the correspondents tell us, and to scatter matches in a powder magazine.

This new rivalry, it will be remembered, began by wrecking the five-Power naval limitation plans at London.

When France refused to consider naval parity with Italy, Mussolini replied by laying down 43,000 tons of new Italian war-craft.

Step by step the dispute has grown more bitter in word and act, until it begins to look like an armament race such as preceded the World War. "There is a race between negotiations and armament," says the London *Times*, "and at the moment diplomacy is not winning."

Premier Tardieu, on June 26, prevailed upon the French Chamber to appropriate $120,000,000 to strengthen the fortifications in the Alps.

Two days later Premier Mussolini's Council of Ministers, in the face of a threatened deficit, voted $26,000,000 additional for military purposes—a 10 per cent. increase—and laid a 1½ per cent. stamp tax on domestic and foreign trade to do it. The new tax, according to the Associated Press, affects even restaurant and tea-room bills.

The only gesture of peace on either side, says the New York *World* correspondent at Paris, was made by France on June 30, when Foreign Minister Briand promised the Foreign Relations Committee of the French Senate that he would offer concessions to Italy on certain African territorial claims that have long been a cause of irritation. But the trouble, we are told, lies deeper than that.

"There never was much hope of more than lip service from Mussolini to the cause of peace," declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, laying the chief blame on him, and continuing:

"Italy, under Mussolini, is rapidly superseding pre-war Germany as a menace to Europe. She controls Albania, she is deep in Balkan intrigues, she is reaching out for an alliance with the most dangerous elements in Hungary."

THE dispute "pivots on the determination of France to maintain the present political status in Europe, as representing the outcome of the World War," the Boston *Globe* thinks, while—

"Italy contests the French decision on every point.

"She is restive at the status quo: she wants more colonies; and she desires to strengthen her allies, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Albania, by expansions of their frontiers from the lines to which the World War shrank them.

"Italy is for revision of the distribution of the spoils, that she may herself become more powerful."

Much of the swashbucking on both sides is for diplomatic effect, but both are "scattering matches in the same powder magazine where the World War broke out," this Boston editor continues, adding:

"Each has in the Balkans a group of allies.

"Each group is at bitter odds with the other.

"To the Little Entente States, which France is arming and training for war, the Italian allies represent enemies anxious to recoup territory and power. And as France is arming her Balkan allies so is Italy arming and training hers.

"There lies the real danger.

"For if it is unlikely that France and Italy would risk going to war directly and on their own hook, it is by no means unlikely, things being as they are, that the matches they are both flinging around may strike fire in the Balkans and embroil them both."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE third "We" is a wee we.—*Ohio State Journal.*

WHAT seems to be most needed in the modern home is the family.—*Tampa Times.*

AT least, those old poems about the Morrow never arriving will have to be discarded.—*Portland Oregonian.*

CHINESE are queer. They pay for their own wars, and don't even get mad at America about it.—*Beaumont Enterprise.*

A CENTENARIAN died the other day after seeing an auto for the first time. Evidently he didn't see it soon enough.—*Life.*

NEW YORK turned out again and made whoopee and threw telephone books and confetti out of the windows. This time it was the arrival of the *Southern Cross* flyers. Wonder what they do in New York on the days when they're not greeting somebody?—*Chicago Tribune.*

A STAR reporter was killed because he knew too much. You will notice that few detectives are killed.—*Harrisburg News.*

THE chief difference is that a low-brow tells you what he thinks and a high-brow tells you what somebody else thinks. —*Wichita Falls Record-News.*

JUST what would old Sam Houston say if he could come back now and learn that there is in Fort Worth such a place as a Helpy Selfy store?—*Louisville Times.*

"A SECOND-BEST navy," says Admiral Rodman, "is like a second-best poker hand." Some quite remarkable things have been done with second-best poker hands.—*Detroit News.*

IF THE LITERARY DIGEST straw vote results in the repeal of Prohibition, we suggest a similar poll on the popularity of the income-tax amendment. —*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

AMERICA wasn't made great by statesmen who developed their convictions by keeping one ear on the ground.—*Minneapolis Star.*

THE South made its big mistake by seceding instead of standing pat and daring Washington to enforce the law.—*Easton Express.*

SALT is all right, of course, but judging by Mr. Gandhi's appearance it might be a good idea to insist on a little soup with it. —*Detroit News.*

THE farmer now has sprays to discourage all pests that prey on vegetables. The one for tourists is composed of bird shot.— *Birmingham News.*

A DECREASE in population may cause North Dakota to lose three Congressmen. This looks like the perfect argument for race suicide.—*San Diego Union.*

THE Bureau of Standards has just come out with the information that the waistline is eight inches above the hips. Too late, however, to help Mr. Sharkey.—*Detroit News.*

THE editors of THE LITERARY DIGEST, on their days off, probably go out into the country, listen to the buzzing of the insects, and take a poll of how many Katysdid and how many Katysdidn't.—*Judge.*

IT is also true, in the long run, that rolling bones gather no moss.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THERE seems to be general agreement that religion in politics is wrong if it helps the other side.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item.*

WHAT the country needs most is a remote control that will enable you to turn a neighbor's dial.—*Milwaukee Leader.*

AH, well; the old-time religion isn't wholly dead in a land where the Senate is scared of a Bishop.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

THERE isn't always safety in numbers. One fool driver is reasonably safe until he meets another one.—*Oil City Derrick.*

IT is understood that Emil Ludwig has completed his next biographical volume, and he and his publishers are going into conference next week to decide whose biography it will be.—*Life.*

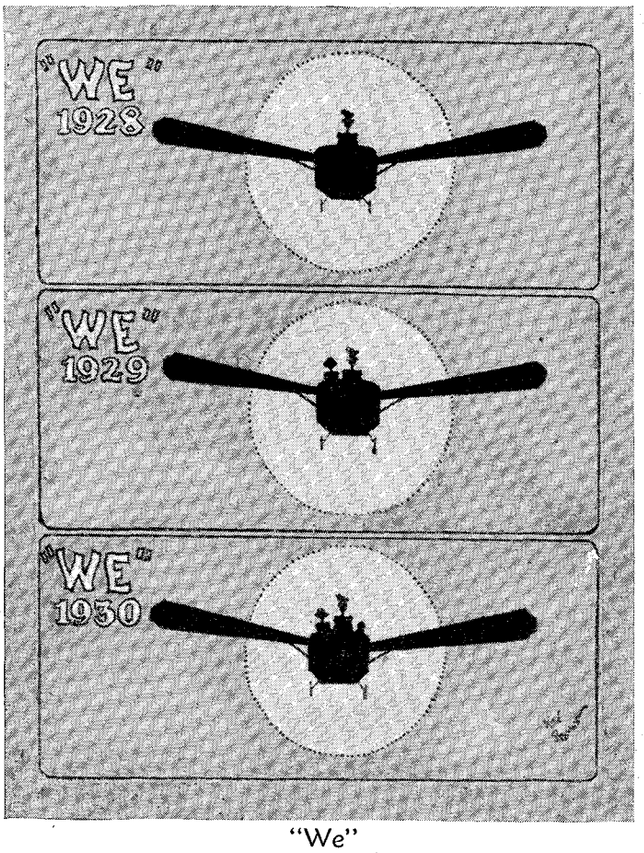
WE shudder to think what the situation would be if women hadn't been permitted to purify politics.—*Manila Bulletin.*

THE recent airplane hop between Florida and California proves that it is not absolutely necessary to stay in either place.—*Tulsa World.*

TROUBLE with the men who profess to have "open minds," is that nothing appears to have taken advantage of the openings.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A MAGAZINE writer asks, "Must we scrap the family?" Oh, no. The average family can always be depended upon to do its own scrapping.— *Louisville Times.*

NEW YORK publishers have reduced the price of popular novels from $2.50 to $1. That leaves some of them still over-priced by about 95 cents. —*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



"We"

—Browne in the Reading (Pa.) "Times."

ANOTHER thing suggested in favor of night baseball is that it will give the umpire a better chance to escape.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

THE Toronto *Telegram* has a good scheme to prevent hitting below the belt by forcing all pugilists to wear suspenders. — *Detroit News.*

JUST to make matters perfectly simple, some one has suggested that the way to end crime in Chicago is to enforce Prohibition. —*Miami News.*

WITH the price of books cut in half, you lose only half as much when a friend says: "I'll return it in a few days."— *Chattanooga Times.*

ANOTHER question is whether a Tired of Bishop Cannon Society could gather more members than a Tired of Representative Tinkham Society could.—*Macon Telegraph.*

NEW YORK columnist says in another hundred years Americans will have forgotten how to walk. But their knowledge of jumping will make up for it.—*Florida Times-Union.*

ONE nearly universal thing the census proves, in melancholy fashion, is that it is pretty nearly impossible for the population of a town to keep pace with the imaginations of its best boosters.—*Beloit (Wis.) News.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Europe Astir Over "Boy King Otto"

SOLID AGAINST RESTORATION OF A HAPSBURG to the throne of Hungary, the June conference of the "Little Entente" decides to take every possible step short of offensive public declarations.

While certain European papers poohpooh the Magyar maneuvers to make Archduke Otto King in place of Regent Horthy this fall, Prague dispatches report that this question largely occupied the attention of the conferees from Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania.

The return of a Hohenzollern, King Carol, to Roumania's throne, heightens press interest in the fortunes of the royal Hapsburgs.

Otto, the eldest son of the ex-Empress Zita and the last Emperor Karl and, therefore, the heir of the Hapsburgs, we are told, will be of lawful age (eighteen years) in November. His cousin, Archduke Albrecht, groomed for election to the kingship by prominent Hungarians, is said to prefer marriage to a divorcée. Airplaning recently to a castle in Belgium, where Otto is living with his mother, Albrecht waives a "pretender's" claim, and vows allegiance to the "legitimist" candidate, according to press correspondents. So the way is cleared for Otto as the single royalist candidate for King to supplant the Regency of ten years' standing.

Against "the great conspiracy" some Austrian and German dailies take occasion to sharply warn Central Europe. King Otto is no opera bouffe potentate of the Offenbach type, affirms the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, for he is seriously backed by Belgium. Mussolini is considering him likewise. And the German Socialist organs tend more and more to proclaim him a menace to peace in Central Europe.

"THE Hapsburg is at the gate!" warns the more or less Socialist *Arbeiter-Zeitung* (Vienna):

"Every Austrian must now watch closely what is going on in Hungary.

"There events are preparing which may become of the most serious import for Austria.

"Until quite lately the Hungarian monarchists were split into two factions.

"They were the 'legitimists' and the 'free electors.'

"The legitimists, upon the basis of the 'hereditary rights' of Otto Hapsburg, eldest son of the last King, want to set him upon the throne.

"The 'free electors' repudiate this idea.

"They want a King freely chosen by the Hungarian nation.

"He must be a 'national' King, proclaiming himself a Magyar, not, like Otto Hapsburg, making pretensions to a throne in Austria, a potentate who might once more unite Hungary with Austria.

"Their candidate was Albrecht Hapsburg.

"In this contest the champions of such a free election were defeated.

"Albrecht Hapsburg went to Otto in Belgium, and there made complete submission, taking the oath of fidelity.

"The 'free electors' have now no candidate against Otto.

"The high nobility, the clergy, and the great Jewish families are united upon the candidacy of Otto Hapsburg.

"Otto will be eighteen years old next November, and thus of age, according to the dynastic law of the Hapsburgs.

"It is the plan of the legitimists to combine the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of Saint Emmerich (occurring next November) with the celebration of the coming of age of their 'King'—thus proclaiming his candidacy for the throne."

If Hungary Hungers for a King

The royal Hapsburg family of "Legitimists" offers Archduke Otto.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA and Jugo-Slavia mobilized against Hungary, the Vienna paper reminds us, when in 1921 Karl Hapsburg sought to reconquer the Hungarian throne.

"Their threat of war forced Horthy to make Karl a prisoner, and later send him out of the country. But since then many things have altered:

"The Hungarian aristocrats calculate upon the fact that no one would venture to-day to let loose a war in Central Europe to prevent the restoration of the Hapsburgs to their kingly castles.

"They count particularly upon the chance that Italy would not now allow the Powers of the 'Little Entente' to undertake a campaign against her Hungarian ally.

"It is also alleged that Otto Hapsburg is wooing a daughter of the King of Italy in order that he may thus assure himself of the support of the Italian Government.

"Worse remains.

"The Hungarian aristocrats hope that even France will hinder her Czecho-Slovakian and Jugo-Slavian friends from interfering with the restoration of the Hapsburg.

"For restoration of the Hapsburgs in Hungary must mean their restoration in Austria.

"If Austria be thus again chained to Hungary, the union of Austria to Germany—so dreaded by France—would be prevented.

"Thus do the Hungarian aristocrats hope at a favorable moment to put their scheme through in the face of Europe.

"Horthy may set his face against it. Bethlen may dissemble diplomatically—the whole Hungarian public takes this peril most seriously.

"These schemes of the Hungarian reactionaries must be known in order to comprehend the schemes of the Austrian reactionaries."

These Austrian reactionaries, we are next assured, reckon profoundly and calculate exhaustively:

"Once Otto Hapsburg is King of Hungary, he will seek first of all to conquer Austria by means of Hungarian money and Hungarian weapons.

"Now in Austria conditions are somewhat unlike those in Hungary.

"The Hungarian working classes, ever since 1919, have plunged somewhat recklessly into the adventure of Communism.

"They are, therefore, conquered and defenseless.

"They have no strength with which to prevent a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary.

"It is otherwise in Austria.

"Here we have on guard a strong working class, determined to fight, if necessary, for the defense of the republic under Socialist leadership.

"It is thus quite clear—if a Hapsburg restoration is to be prepared in Austria as a thing to follow a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary, the Austrian working class must first be rendered impotent, and the Austrian social democracy must be rendered helpless. The man in charge of this campaign is Doctor Seipel."

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Britain "Up Against It"

THIS "WAKE UP BRITAIN" WARNING and exhortation, Wickham Steed, editor of the London *Review of Reviews*, makes his leading article.

It attracts attention, by reason of the fact that Mr. Steed was European correspondent, then foreign editor, and later editor of the London *Times* before taking *The Review of Reviews*.

"As a country and as an Empire, or rather as a Commonwealth of Nations," he says, "we are 'up against it,' more thoroughly and more comprehensively than at any time I can remember since the war; and, before the war, the only moment in my recollection when we were as hard put to it as we are now, was during the 'Black Week' in the autumn of 1899"—the Boer War period.

But "we pulled ourselves together, muddled through the South African War, and learned a lot of lessons from 'Brother Boer,'" adds Mr. Steed, by way of hopeful exhortation to do the same thing in the present crisis. "It pays to take the long view, and to do the big thing."

The English people will rise to leadership in emergencies, continues Mr. Steed, and they "want guidance on Unemployment, on India, on Peace and Disarmament, on the relationship between Great Britain (as a European country) and Europe, and on the right policy for Great Britain as the principal member of the British Commonwealth.

DOUBTING that leadership can only come from the Government, the substance of his argument is that owners and managers in industrial countries must make a social team of their enterprises that will entail less waste of laboring human beings and furnish a better way of life than India's ideal of flight from material difficulties.

In summary, Mr. Steed observes that the present industrial system is steadily increasing unemployment, not only in England, but in Germany, the United States and other countries. Responsible, progressive, industrial cooperation of owners, managers, and share-workers points the way from overemphasis on machinery, speculation and "profits," to the main purpose of civilized society-production of "better and nobler men and women."

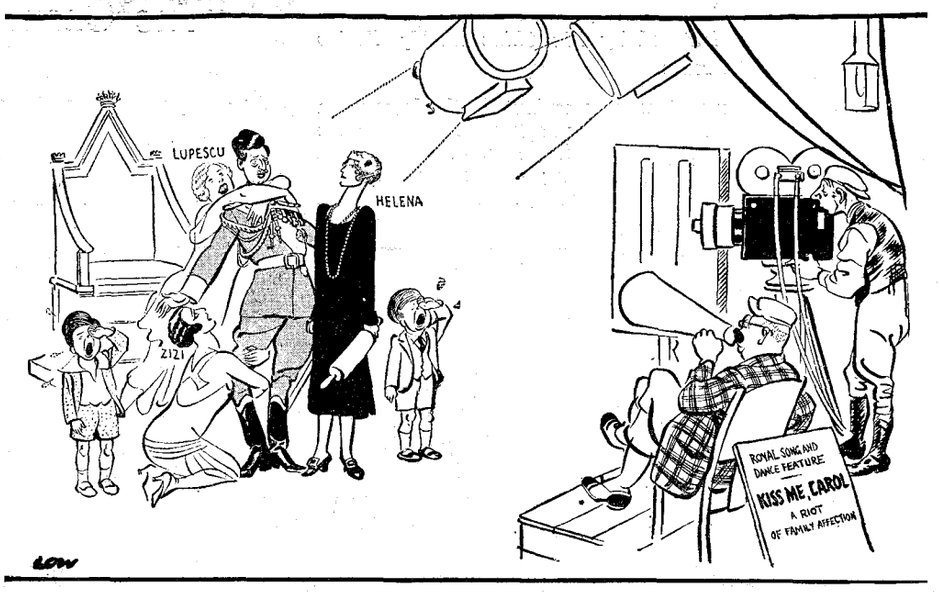
When a nation "is 'up against it,' as we are," concludes Mr. Steed, "there is only one safe course—to set its teeth and see the thing through":

"I, for my part, am so convinced that we can and shall see the thing through, that the only practical question is what to do first. We may have to discard more than one time-honored nostrum that is no longer suited to our needs. What remains of 'Free Trade' may have to give place to some system of economic development of the 'Empire,' with its boundless resources. We may be obliged to think of saving ourselves before we can help others. But we must shun, as a prompting of the devil, all thought of using our resources, when we have developed them solely for our own profit. We control them as a trust for civilization. If our aim is peace at home and abroad, we must harbor no notion of holding selfish 'dominion over palm and pine,' but must look upon our advantages as so many openings to render great service to the world."

Why Enthusiasm for King Carol?

SO MUCH ENTHUSIASM over the return of Carol as King of Roumania seems so strange to the Western mind that *Excelsior* (Paris) offers some explanations.

In Roumania, the Prince's personal and marital liberties are looked upon with much indulgence, we read, whereas in England they would have ruined a social or political career in national life.



Too Much "Love Interest"

Cecil B. de Griffith: "Attaboy, Carol! Now you clasp the heroine to your bosom and finish."
Carol of Roumania: "W-w-which heroine?" —"The Evening Standard" (London).

Of the Roumanian attitude toward Princess Helen of Greece, the deserted wife and mother of boy Michael, we are told:

"When Michael was enthroned upon the death of King Ferdimand, she became very popular and enjoyed the respect of all.

"She had not accepted the extra-conjugal deeds of her husband with the same philosophical smile as the others, and she made no effort to hide her feelings—from the day when the eventual return of Prince Carol had been discust.

"Was the popularity of Queen Helen stronger than the instinctive sympathy for the prodigal son?

"One may say that all of the prestige of the young wife, all of the respect which surrounded her, did not counterbalance the fact that she was a foreigner, and that no feeling of hesitation existed between sympathy for the unhappy Greek mother and the erring husband who, after all, was a Roumanian.

"Carol's first address to Parliament spoke of many things and quoted, curiously enough, from the Holy Scriptures, 'which did not desire the death of sinners,' and chided certain of his political opponents for having lost faith; he spoke of spiritual nourishment, of his illustrious father, and of his son 'dearly beloved, whom he could now educate with all of his affection,' but he made not the slightest allusion to his destroyed home.

"Will the divorce be annulled just as other acts were annulled, which kept Carol from the throne?

"In order to remain with her son, will she accept one of those conventional existences which we so often see in modern homes, or will she go the way of the voluntary exile?"

IT would be imprudent to reduce the *coup d' êtat* at Bucharest to a simple tho astonishing episode in a family quarrel, notably between Queen Marie and Queen Helen, continues *Excelsior*, for after all the members of the Government have some say:

"Premier Maniu saw in the return of Carol a means of disarming certain opposition, of putting an end to internal agitation, of suppressing a regency of doubtful efficacy, and, in short, of reuniting the Roumanian people. He was certainly aided in making his decision by M. Titulesco, Minister at Large of Foreign Affairs, one of the most intelligent men in Europe."

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A Chinese Cry Against Communism

THE FIRST CHINESE WOMAN to receive a medical education abroad, returning to China in 1926, and now head of the Women's and Children's Hospital at Nanchang, cries out, "Who Will Save Our People" against the blight of Communism?

Her indictment is featured by *The China Weekly Review* (Shanghai), where we read:

"What a horde of monsters are creeping silently down upon us from the north, and their octopus fingers are clutching the very vitals of our life! Agriculture, industry, commerce, and education are all feeling the strangling effects of their hold, and soon our country will cease to exist, for no rotten nation can live in this era of progress, and change.

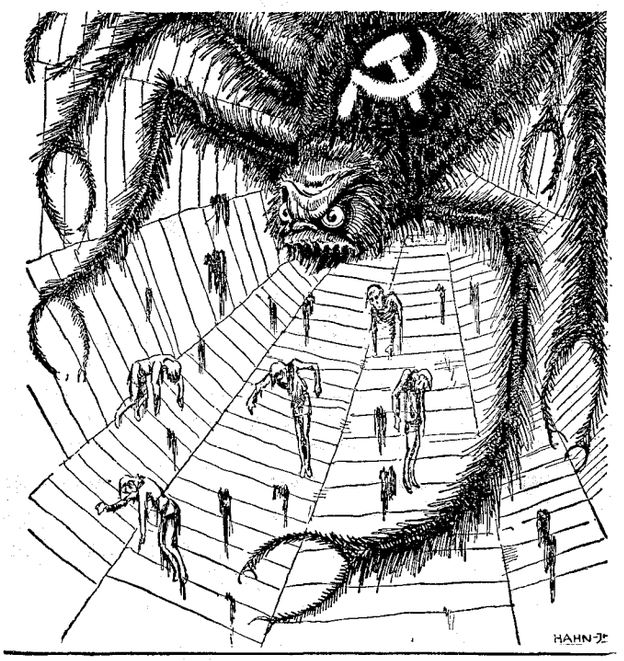
"God have mercy upon us! Who will save our people?"

"WHOLE provinces have been devastated by being overrun by the Communists," this Chinese woman (whose name in English appears as Dr. Ida Kahn) tells us, "and the people are running hither and thither without a place to lay their heads":

"Bereft of all their belongings, they are huddled in sunless rooms and tiny shacks in the provincial capitals, while ill-fed and ill-clothed, they soon succumb to diseases, and are wiped out in appalling numbers.

"Their more fortunate brothers and sisters may have lost their lands, but they have enough cash to carry them on to the treaty ports, where they try to drown in the movies their hunger for home, and they rail against the Government for not coming to their rescue. But if they carry their cash either with them, or in the banks, then they pay no taxes, and if out of eighty-one counties in one province the Government can only collect taxes from a bare dozen or two of them, then wherewithal is the Government to find funds for supporting an Army strong enough to overcome the rapacious bandits?

"So the vicious circle goes on, and in the end the people suffer; for no movie surroundings and mah jong parties can conserve a healthy race, so in the end the people creep back to die in the capital of their province."



Moscow Spreads Its Web

—"Notenkraker" (Amsterdam).

Moreover, in looking toward the future, who can vouch for a better turn in the situation, when—

"Out in Moscow there are three thousand Chinese youths who are yearly being thoroughly trained and grounded in the principles of Communism, so that they may lead their people.

"Atheistic, pitiless, and conscienceless, they will drift back to our country, and will invade our life everywhere.

"So subtle and insidious is their propaganda that no one will realize the damage to the integrity of our national character until the whole thing is too late."

None of the great Powers seems to care any more, she says:

"America, who has always been so altruistic, and who has succored unknown legions, takes no cognizance of this evil.

"England, who has always stood for solidity and righteousness, whenever she could do so, is so busy with her affairs in India that she, too, passes us by.

"Germany, who is so scientific and painstaking in doing everything that she undertakes well, is occupied in laying again the foundations of her prosperous trade and industry, so she senses no alarm, and does not realize that the bottom of all her trade in China may drop out.

"France, too rushed in catering to the fashions of the world, looks on in a non-committal way, while her missionaries are being killed."

"The Channel Tunnel—An Obituary"

HARD-HEADED GOVERNMENTAL SENTENCE of death to the long-projected tunnel under the Channel between England and France (voted by the House of Commons) apparently could not pass without some commercial mourning Here is the "obituary" wreath laid by *The London Economist:*

"The White Paper, in which the Government explain their reasons for refusing to sanction the Channel Tunnel project, is a remarkable document, in which the effect of three reasonable contentions, which not even those who dissent from them can despise, is entirely wrecked by the introduction, as a clinching argument, of a museum piece.

"They say that the economic success of the tunnel must remain uncertain, until £5½ million have been sunk in the pilot tunnel, and that there is very little support for the scheme among representatives of trade and industry; they say that the employment afforded for the first five years would only be equivalent to that which could be provided by the expenditure of about £250,000 per annum on road construction, and would be partly counterbalanced by the effects of reduced expenditure by railway and shipping companies; and they make the very important point that, however firmly they disclaim any intention of providing public money for the furtherance of the scheme, they would, in fact, be unable to avoid some moral responsibility for seeing it completed, should the supply of private capital prove inadequate.

"These, especially the last, are arguments of some substance; but the Government, having fired these telling volleys into the heart of the scheme, make assurance doubly sure by bringing out a crossbow from the ancestral armory and letting fly an arrow in the direction of the corpse.

"We are told that the provision of adequate defense for the tunnel would be both costly and unsatisfactory, and that 'no attempt can be made to describe the multiplicity of the forms of attack to which the tunnel would be exposed under modern conditions, nor the ingenious means proposed for its protection.'

"These ingenuities were devised by the General Staff, who apparently reconnoitered the whole area on the spot; but to the mere civilian, contemplating the rapid development of aerial warfare, invasion by tunnel seems about as likely as an attack by an owl on a field-mouse's nest via the neighboring rabbit warren. Indeed, if we are to be invaded at all, an invading army which has only one dimension in which to move seems considerably less formidable than an aerial force with three dimensions at its disposal.

"However, the tunnel is not to be, and as the day of its maximum potential usefulness is probably already past, it seems unlikely that the project will again be raised unless and until some as yet undreamed-of means of transport on terra firma displaces the airplane and airship."

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Multilingual Talkies

MARIE DRESSLER RAN AWAY with the "Anna Christie" talkie in spite of Greta Garbo in the title rôle.

This is generally conceded both here and abroad.

Miss Dressler plays the rôle of the bibulous *Marthie*, as *Anna's* father called her, and can act.

Returning recently from Europe, she gives out some interesting observations on the international talkie situation, declaring that "the talkie films call for a new deal all round in pictures appealing to the international clientele."

This is a problem American producers will have to grapple with in order to retain the foreign market, we are assured, especially since the ascendency gained by the superior technique of the silent picture throughout European countries.

In an interview in the New York *Times*, Miss Dressler says:

"The motion-picture patrons of Europe have learned to like American pictures, for the single reason that they have been the best.

"But, naturally enough, a European audience that was perfectly and blissfully satisfied with an American silent picture is not satisfied with an American talking picture. It wishes and demands one in its own language.

"The statement by Will Hays that a mother's smile is the same in any language is not so good as it was, because nowadays people want to understand what the mother says when she smiles."

Marie Dressler Surveying the Prospects

"Martha" in "Anna Christie" opens the swing doors.

WHETHER the superior American technique in the mechanical field will be followed by new developments, assuming that Hollywood holds its own in Europe, is a very great problem, she thinks. Will American producers be able to bring the languages to the United States and continue to produce talking pictures that can be shown all over the world, or will they have to export their technique to make talking pictures locally for other countries? That is one of the many angles of the problem, she remarks, and adds:

"Now, I understand, efforts are being made to produce one picture in several different languages, using the same sets with the same story, but with a separate cast for each language. That, of course, is most interesting, but it comes up against the facts that the personality of this or that artist so often gives a talking picture a character which may be lost or greatly altered when a new cast is used.

"For example, take 'Anna Christie,' which has been so well received in England. They tried to produce the picture in Germany, but gave up the attempt because they were unable to find any one to play *Martha* as it was played in the American original.

"That is one case.

"There will be others. It will be found, I believe, a most complicated business to put a successful talking picture into another language in a manner to conserve many of its characteristics and values.

"The talking picture has come to stay. It has won its place. How talking pictures can be made instructive is certainly an enormous question. It will be solved. I do not know how, but it will be.

"I would like to be able to play *Martha* in French and German, but I can not, and I doubt if any actor or actress can portray successfully a part in several languages. And still the translation of a great talking picture is an absorbingly interesting task—perhaps the most important one before those who seek to preserve the world position American producers won with the silent pictures."

THE superior English voices brought forward in the talkies led British producers to boast about rivaling Hollywood. But P. L. Mannock, in *The Daily Herald* (London), puts a spike in that gun. He cites the appalling figures of Hollywood projected expenditures of the next six months ("one company alone, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is going to spend £6,000,000—which will be about twenty-five times greater than what the entire British producing industry will spend"), and begs his countrymen to "preserve some sense of proportion when the question of rivaling Hollywood is discust." Then he goes on:

"What chance have we?

"Well, America makes talkies to please Americans. Some of them we regard as dreadful, and there is no reason why we should not, in time, make talkies to please ourselves, in a steady and increasing volume.

"A little more experience and a little more perceptive intelligence on the part of our studio executives, and we can do it, for we have all the other ingredients.

"At the moment the average mental level of those who run British studios is considerably below that of the ordinarily intelligent patron of their product.

"It would be strange if they admitted this.

"The motion-picture was invented by an Englishman, William Friese-Greene (whose son Claude is to-day one of our few really brilliant cameramen). We had the production business in our pockets up to 1912, but a crusted and unprogressive self-satisfaction has gradually swamped our picture 'bosses' and broken the spirit of dozens of directors and players who have since found fame under American creative enterprise.

"It is a thousand pities that the Films Act has entrenched our incompetents instead of displacing them. The talkies have given us a tremendous opportunity to recover, because the British actor's voice has become, in little over a year, one of the most potent factors in the success of American pictures.

"America would welcome British players in talkies made under the supervision of men who have learned what scenarios, casting and cutting really mean.

"In fact, America is soon sending over her own complete production units to make them. It is just the drastic competition we need.

"The public, who really do not care two hoots where a film

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is made so long as it is good, have no prejudice against British films except that founded on so many mediocre ones. In fact, a really good one, when it happens, is hailed with peculiar pleasure.

"Such a film is usually made in defiance of the studio executives."

War Books That Go Too Far

"THE WAR SHOULD IN NO CIRCUMSTANCES be used as a medium for works of fiction."

So the British Legion spoke out at a recent conference, and thus joined in a pretty general reaction over there against the tide of a certain offensive kind of war books that has been constantly rising.

Some are written, it is charged, "to provide lubricity," others wherein the author seeks to prove himself a "superior person"; still more there are whose characteristics are "brutality, cynicism, contempt for motives and for leadership."

The Manchester *Guardian* believes that the condemnation of the substance and spirit of many recent war books will meet the approval of "the overwhelming majority of the men who served." It adds:

"The most offensive of these compositions, both avowed and unavowed fiction, owed their success, it was always clear, to the non-combatants. To denounce them as propaganda put forth for the injury of our country is well-deserved censure.

"An author who ridicules the sincerity of the national purpose in the war and paints our armies as composed of debauchees, fools, and knaves, is not aiming at art or truth, but the perversion of the ill-informed. Of such books we have had too many, and we can not much wonder at the angry protest that 'the war should in no circumstances be used as a medium for works of fiction.'

"There have, of course, been many war novels of which we have no reason to be ashamed. The general principle of judgment which was suggested by the Rev. P. B. Clayton, that a novel which is, in effect, a libel on the troops is not to be tolerated, will serve well enough. The most offensive authors will, indeed, accept it and argue interminably that their nauseous material is pure fact.

"But we do not think that people of judgment and knowledge of the world have much difficulty in distinguishing between what is honest, if unpleasant, realism and what is nastiness with an ugly motive.

"The war books to be condemned fall into two classes, those written to provide lubricity and horror for the vulgar market, those in which an author travesties the war to demonstrate what a superior person he is or what a wicked world we live in. Some books, indeed, make a bid for admission to both these categories.

"We may hope that the rising indignation against all such stuff will persuade publishers that the time for it has gone by. The public can assist them to that decision."

THE reaction from the ideas and ideals of the war may be at its peak just at present, but the London *Times Literary Supplement* maintains that the reaction began to be seen in literature directly the war was over:

"It is a mistake to suppose that it has appeared only in the last two years.

"The works of fiction and of personal reminiscence published between 1919 and 1927 had their full share of it. The reason why it was little noticed is that these works were not very numerous.

"The recent flood of the 'literature of disillusionment' or of 'war books'—a phrase which has just acquired this special significance—differs from what has gone before only in that it is a flood in place of a trickle, and that the water has grown decidedly muddier.

"Its characteristics are brutality, cynicism, contempt for motives and for leadership in the council chamber and the field, an obsession with the discreditable—as drunkenness, sexual debauchery, cowardice, injustice—and an insistence upon the most horrible features of warfare—as ghastly wounds, flowing blood, stinking corpses, rats feeding upon the slain, lice, mud, whole units mown down by machine-gun fire, military executions—to the exclusion of all others.

"The emphasis upon these subjects varies, of course, in accordance with the opinions of the writer. One will have it that the troops became beasts but maintained their fighting spirit. Another, author of one of the most brilliant novels of the war, declares that the British Army was of the 'most docile and decent disposition' of any troops ever known, but that by late 1918 it had ceased to fight and 'kept together from inertia and inability to feed itself apart from its regular organization.' (Did Mr. Mottram ever examine the Hindenburg trenches or the Canal du Nord, which these men, despite their 'spirit of taking care of one's self,' somehow contrived to storm at very heavy cost?)

"A third sees willing and gallant men led by drunken and incompetent officers. A fourth, and the commonest type, gives us a picture of miserable, broken-spirited men hurried from one field of slaughter to another till each dies with curses and blasphemy on his lips for a cause that makes no appeal to him. The personal fastidiousness or experience of the writer accounts for these differences, but it will hardly be disputed that the general characteristics of the 'War book' are those set out above.

"It was some time before a strong protest was made, and indeed those inclined to protest found themselves in perplexity. They thought it right that the younger generation should hear something of the horrors of war. They were for the most part as anxious as the writers that there should be no more war, and felt that any attempt to contradict or criticize what was obviously anti-war propaganda involved the assumption of some responsibility.

"The novel which heralded the flood, 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' was German; and it was hardly for those who had declared that their foe was German militarism to complain of any indictment of it, however highly colored. But as time went on and they saw all sense of proportion lost, their dead kindred and companions traduced and misrepresented, and (as they were inclined to suspect) certain writers deliberately sitting down to compete for the very substantial crumbs which fell from Herr Remarque's table, they could no longer remain silent."

The Cover: Monticello

TWO NOT IN OUR FERRIS HISTORICAL SERIES, the picture of Thomas Jefferson's home, "Monticello," on the cover, will fit in with them.

This home of the third President of the United States is being maintained for the nation by the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, a patriotic, non-partizan association.

Monticello is being preserved not only as a memorial to the author of the Declaration of Independence but as a patriotic shrine to keep alive the basic ideals of this republic.

This fine old specimen of the Colonial classic style of architecture stands at Charlottesville, Virginia. It was designed by Jefferson himself, and was first occupied in 1770. It was Jefferson's home for fifty-six years, and on its estate the owner was buried.

The subsequent history of the house is interesting. After Jefferson's death, it passed into the possession of Uriah P. Levy, who willed it to the American people. But the heirs of Mr. Levy successfully contested the will, and Jefferson M. Levy, Congressman from New York, bought out the other heirs and then spent a large sum in improvements to the estate.

About 1912, Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, wife of a New York Congressman, initiated a campaign to acquire the estate for the nation. Mr. Levy finally consented to part with his holding for $500,000 (less than half its estimated value), on the condition that it should not be turned into a museum.

The artist, Mr. A. C. Wyatt, was introduced to our readers in our issue of August 14, 1926, when we reproduced his picture of the Magnolia Gardens in Charleston, South Carolina.

Mr. Wyatt was born in London, England, and was educated at various art schools in England and on the Continent, but chiefly at Schools of Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolors, where he imbibed the traditions of the English School of Watercolor. He has been awarded two gold medals for landscape painting. He painted eight pictures for his late Majesty King

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Edward, with whom his work was a favorite. In 1912, he was awarded the Diploma of Honor at the Royal International Horticultural Exhibition in London for Garden painting.

To quote from an appraisal of Mr. Wyatt's garden scenes, published in the Boston *Transcript* after an exhibition in that city:

"The artist, who is a horticulturist, displays an intimate knowledge of his floral subjects, and every flower or cluster of blooms retains its natural characteristics, in the midst of a riot of growth, whether it be delphinium, daffodil, rose, clematis, sunflower, rhododendron or larkspur.

"Quaintly picturesque is an old English tavern, Buckinghamshire, with its ancient trees cut into curious forms, bowering vines, provincial architecture, and field of tulips in front.

"There is a reliance on the traditions of the British School of Watercolor Painting, and it might be said of this work, as it has been of David Cox whose treatise on the art has been an enduring record for those who followed—that it is 'distinguished by an exquisite perception of the great facts of nature and by a consequent significance of interpretation.' Pure aquarelle is employed with the aim of showing accurately the aspect of the chosen subjects, which seem to exist in a realm of clear translucent color."

How Do You Applaud?

BOXING, BASEBALL, AND FOOTBALL would probably languish under the stimulus of handclapping for applause.

Yet the theater and opera depend upon it, save when a few courageous "bravos" break the silence.

It may cause some surprize to learn that "among all the reactions manifested by the spectator, applauding with the hands is probably the most demonstrative of his character."

At least this is the view of François de Casanova, writing in *Bravo* (Paris):

If one wishes to conceal his real character, then refrain from applause, for enthusiasm seems to kill all caution. The writer divides an applauding audience into two main categories:

A Great Artiste Applauds a Successful Rival

"To begin with, there are those who move the forearms with much ostentation. In this class, we must distinguish between those who bring the shoulders into play (a sign of lowness, an excessive simplicity) and those who extend the elbows and move their hands as if they were sifting something, a mark of falseness and presumption.

"In manifestations of this type, the rôle of the hand is secondary, the clapping is always awkward and without grace. Such persons may be only vaguely moved.

"Much more complicated is the soul of those who applaud with a discretion either feigned or natural. Here the hands play a part which may be quite significant.

"What is more, this category presents an infinite variety of subjects; the troubled lady who tickles the heart line of her left hand with her finger-tips while looking distractedly at the hero of the play; the important critic, with wrinkled palms, who can not applaud unless the theater is comfortable.

As a Child Claps

"The nicest and the most frank manner of applauding is to raise the hands almost on a level with one's line of vision, just like children, and to clap gently in such a fashion that the hands cross one another. Altho this position may not be very elegant, it denotes a happy character, good-naturedness, a mediocre imagination, and even a certain tendency toward grossness.

"Some people perform the motions described above, but at the level of the stomach. Such persons are always alert, constantly on the watch, and gifted with a passionate intelligence.

How 50 per cent. of the Women Applaud

"The most curious and also the rarest manner of applauding is produced by one hand striking the other, which is held out almost motionless. The violence of the blows struck, the length of the applause, as well as the general attitude of the spectator, reveal nothing. In such cases I have noticed that the form of the thumbs and the palms alone give some indications."

Now, you will ask, how should one applaud? He replies:

"No one can say.

"As a matter of fact, we applaud according to our tastes or habit. If one applauds because of a subconscious liaison between the play and oneself, spontaneity destroys all control, and when we suddenly think of it, it is too late to modify one's attitude. And in order to do away with the embarrassing instability of the playgoer, the 'claque' was first invented."

THE writer relates two incidents of overzealous claquers:

"Some years ago a theater employed a former boxer named Plantard to head its claque. He could no longer box, due to the simple fact that his leg had been amputated. He carried on his duties faithfully till the day when they gave a play called 'The Child of Destiny.' In the third act of this melodrama, *Beelzebub-the-damned* was to be vanquished by *M. Nestor*. From the very first performance on, Plantard, forgetting the instructions given him by the director, took it upon himself to encourage the combatants, which he did with loud shouts. There were no deaths, but some thirty people were carried off to the hospital.

"Somewhat later, I was present at a little theater in Normandy. The manager of the Municipal Follies was also the leader of the claque. One evening he appeared upon the stage to announce the names of the 'famous' artists who were to appear on the scene. The director of the troupe had told him to have the members of the claque applaud loudly after the announcement of each name. Altho he was on the stage, he quite forgot his instructions, and after pronouncing each name, he himself began to clap loudly and to encourage his gang with shouts of 'Come on there, Adolphe, clap there, Raoul.' His assistants could not understand what was going on and began to laugh, and laugh they did throughout the entire piece . . . and they were playing 'La Dame de Monsoreau.'"

THE author discloses a difference between our manners and those of the French:

"We all have the blood of the comedian in our veins. Because of this, and due to our ignorance, we judge public spectacles. For this reason I have confined myself to talking about the theater. But there is one place where we are not accustomed to applaud, and that is at the movies. The fact that the cinema presents a continuous action before our eyes, without giving us time to recover from one effect to the other, is probably the reason. What is more, the heroes of the screen are much closer to us than those on the stage; they are much larger to our senses, and this suffices to put our brains to sleep. One enters into the action, and no one thinks of applauding."

A Real Friend Applauds

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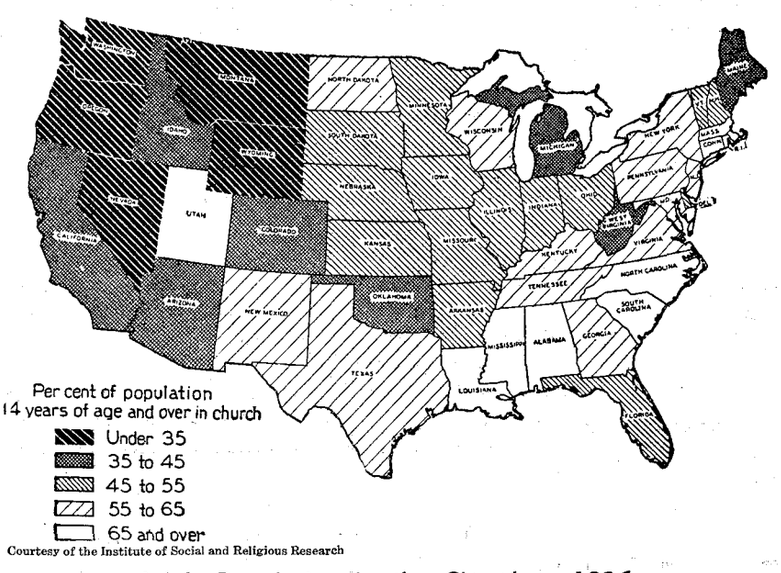
The Vast Enterprise of Religion

ORGANIZED RELIGION is an enormous enterprise, as is witnessed by the fact that there are 212 denominations having 232,000 churches and 44,380,000 members over thirteen years of age, and property running into the billions.

Denominational Sunday-schools have an enrolment of more than 21,000,000 pupils, besides the pupils in undenominational Sunday-schools and in parochial schools.

The reported value of church edifices alone, not including such items as pastors' residences, investment property, school buildings, hospitals, etc., is $3,800,000,000, while for 1926 the total reported expenditure of local churches ran up to $817,000,000.



Courtesy of the Institute of Social and Religious Research

Adult Population in the Churches, 1926

These figures are taken from a study entitled "The U. S. Looks at Its Churches," made by Dr. C. Luther Fry, and published by the Institute of Social and Religious Research, John R. Mott, Chairman. The study is based on data collected by the Federal census of religious bodies, which, we are told in the preface to the volume, "are unusually accurate for social information of this character."

"Coming at a time when there are many sensational crimes and other forms of lawlessness," observes the Cleveland *News*, "this analysis proves what thoughtful persons might have known —that the majority of the people of this country, in and outside of the churches, are leading decent, normal lives as they always have been; that this country is on the same firm foundation it had in its beginning."

AGAIN, to return to the study, some measure of the vast dimensions of organized religion in the United States can be formed by contrasting data for public schools with those for churches. "The 232,000 churches compare with 256,000 public-school buildings. The total number of 21,000,000 Sunday-school scholars is less by only 3,700,000 than the pupils in all the public elementary and secondary schools. The annual church expenditures of $817,000,000 are 40 per cent. as large as the expenditures of public schools."

The total number of adult persons (thirteen years or over) listed on the rolls of the churches is about 55 per cent. of the country's adult population. In other words, about every other person belongs to a church. This figure is arrived at by computing the estimated adult population. Official population estimates are published regularly each year by the Federal Government, and they show that on July 1, 1926, the total for the country was placed at 117,000,000. Eliminating the children, the adult population of the United States for 1926 becomes, we are told, almost exactly 80,000,000. Since 44,380,000 of these people are on church rolls, 55 out of each 100 adults living in the United States are enrolled as church members.

By comparison with like statistics for 1906 and 1916, it appears that adult membership has increased at the same rate as the adult population.

On the other hand, we read, Sunday-school enrolment has been increasing less rapidly than formerly. A generation ago the number of pupils in Sunday-schools was equivalent to 40 per cent. of the population under nineteen years of age. By 1916 this percentage had reached 48; but it has now decreased to 44 per cent.

IT may surprize some to learn that only 52 per cent. of the rural population of the United States belongs to the church, compared with 58 per cent. for all cities. "This does not necessarily mean that country folk are less interested in organized religion than are the inhabitants of cities," says Dr. Fry. "Rather the low rural ratio reflects differences in opportunity arising from the fact that many sparsely settled country areas have no churches."

The general impression that women predominate on the church rolls is borne out by the census figures, showing that they lead by five to four.

An interesting point brought out is that in those States where the suicide rate tends to be high, the proportion of the population in church tends to be low.

Most of the religious organizations are small: fifty have fewer than 1,000 adult members each, and forty-eight from 1,000 to 5,000. Indeed, more than half of all denominations in the United States have fewer than 7,000 adult members each. Only twenty-four denominations have more than 200,000 adult members each, and these bodies include 91 per cent. of the country's adult membership.

THE largest single denomination is the Roman Catholic Church, with 13,300,000 members thirteen years of age and over, which means that three out of every ten adult church members in the United States are Roman Catholics.

The second largest denomination is the Methodist Episcopal Church, with 3,700,000 adult members, or 8.4 per cent. of the national total. Next is the Southern Baptist Convention, with almost 3,300,000 adult members, or 7.4 per cent. of the entire number.

The Jewish Congregations show 2,930,000 members, which, however, we are told, is virtually a population estimate.

The Negro Baptists and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have more than 2,000,000 each; while the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Disciples of Christ, and the Northern Baptist Convention have from 2,000,000 to 1,000,000. The United Lutheran Church in America and the Congregational Church have roughly 900,000 and 860,000 respectively, and the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States, 700,000. No other denomination has as many as 500,000.

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Twenty-four denominations are entirely Negro: the Negro Baptist, with 2,914,000 adult members; the African Methodist Episcopal Church, with 487,000 adult members; the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, with 397,000, and the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, with 181,000 members. These four bodies include 85 per cent. of all the adult Negro church members in the United States.

Looking at the numerical strength of the different religious groups in relation to the total adult population, it is interesting to note that in Utah four-fifths of the inhabitants are Mormons, while the Protestants constitute a majority of the population in eleven Southern States. Indeed, in North Carolina the adult membership of Protestant churches equals nearly three-fourths of the total population over thirteen years old. On the other hand, there is not a single State in which either Jews or Roman Catholics constitute a majority of the total population, altho Rhode Island and New Mexico come close to it with slightly more than 47 out of each 100 inhabitants on the rolls of the Roman Catholic church. The proportion of the adult population in the churches is shown in the accompanying diagram.

Differences in the rate of growth of individual denominations are quite as striking as the fluctuations from State to State, the study points out. Four of the large denominations more than doubled their memberships during the past twenty years—the Church of Christ, Scientist, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the Churches of Christ, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The rapid growth of such non-traditional sects as the Mormons and the Christian Scientists, Dr. Fry declares, would seem to demonstrate fundamental changes in the religious thinking of large groups of Americans.

Other denominations have increased less in the last decade than in the previous one. The only big church bodies known to have increased more rapidly during the last than during the earlier ten-year period are the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Roman Catholic Church. The net result of the changes since 1906 in the number of churches and their members has been for churches in large cities to decrease in membership, and for those in smaller cities and in rural areas to increase.

Altho, in general, church membership has kept pace with the growth in the country's adult population, the number of churches in relation to the population has been decreasing, due to a tendency of churches to combine. In 1906 there was a church for every 270 inhabitants over thirteen years of age; in 1916, a church for every 300 inhabitants, and in 1926 a church for every 344 inhabitants.

Nevertheless, returns from the 172,000 churches of the twenty-one selected denominations show that only half had pastors with but one charge, while 4,130 reported that their pastors were serving seven or more churches.

An arresting bit of information is that an analysis of unpublished census materials, covering twenty-one leading denominations representing 74 per cent. of the entire number of churches in the United States, shows that almost three out of eight ministers of eighteen white denominations and more than three out of four ministers of three large Negro bodies do not claim to be graduates of either college or seminary. Even these figures are conservative, says Dr. Fry, because the Government gave the ministers the benefit of the doubt when it came to classifying uncertain cases.

The Roman Catholic priests, we read, generally report longer academic training than the ministers of seventeen white Protestant bodies. Instead of 41 per cent. falling into the class of non-graduates, as is the case among the Protestant group, only 6.6 per cent. of the priests were so classified. Moreover, 68 per cent. of the priests claimed to be graduates of both college and seminary, compared with less than half this proportion for the white Protestant pastors.

Among white Protestant groups, rural-urban differences in ministerial training are striking. In cities only one out of five of the ministers of seventeen white Protestant denominations report that they were neither college nor seminary men, while in rural areas this proportion is more than one out of two. It is especially noteworthy, says Dr. Fry, that eleven of the twenty-one large denominations studied report that half their rural ministers are not graduates of either college or seminary.

The tremendous wealth of the church at large is indicated by the fact that in 1926 the reported value of church edifices was more than $3,840,000,000. This is the total of the returns from 203,000 churches, 1,500 having failed to send in a return. In addition, parsonages alone are reported by the Census to be worth nearly $500,000,000. If the evaluation of all other church holdings were included, it is estimated that the total value of church property would be at least $7,000,000,000.

The total expenditures of the churches reported in 1926 amounted to $817,000,000; but 7 per cent. of the local organizations did not report on this point. Furthermore, the amount reported does not include contributions not given through a local organization, so that, if these were to be included, the total sums actually spent by church bodies exceed $840,000,000.

"These facts," comments the Boston *Herald*, "are somewhat surprizing in view of many melancholy reflections which we have heard about the declining power of the institutions of religion. And of course it must be kept in mind that the influence of the Church depends upon many things besides numbers and money."

Welfare Work as Good Business

It is unlawful for corporations to give away their stockholders' money in gratuities.

Yet a survey recently made by the National Bureau of Economic Research shows that in 129 cities corporations contributed 22 per cent. of all funds raised for organized welfare work last year. Sponsors of the study, who take pride in the result, include such men as Lamont du Pont, Walter S. Gifford, Gerard Swope, and Felix Warburg.

Corporations are said to be soulless, and why should they contribute to welfare work?

Here are the reasons cited by Paul D. Cravath, chairman of the committee, as they are quoted in the Philadelphia *Record:*

"It is still unlawful for a corporation to give away its stockholders' money in gratuities, but apparently this kind of participation in community welfare is no longer regarded as gratuitous.

"Corporations are beginning to see that the preservation of human health and happiness, and the betterment of social standards generally in the communities in which they operate, is not mere almsgiving, but legitimately and logically a recognized part of the Cost of Doing Business."

"Take it as you like, with a grain of salt or no," comments *The Record:*

"Whatever the motives were, the indisputable fact is that the corporations did participate generously in welfare support.

"Huge enterprises, which do business with all people, find that business dwindles when a considerable portion of these people are ill, out of work, or down, with the chance of going out.

"It's good business to help these. It's good business to keep the social level high. The help that the welfare agencies receive from corporations is help given for substantial reason, and all the more promising because it seems to indicate a permanent source of supply.

"We can't afford to let people be sick these days. And if the motive be merely to make money out of them when they are well, as the report indicates, the results are helpful all around."

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Kidnaped

FOUR MEN ARMED WITH AUTOMATICS walked in just after dark and demanded that Mr. Bridgman go with them.

No, this is not Chicago. It happened in China, where kidnaping missionaries is an occasional source of revenue for bandits. It illustrates the fact—too frequently lost sight of—that the missionary must be a man of courage as well as a man of good conscience.

The Chinese front is never quiet.

Every now and then the papers carry dispatches telling of the kidnaping of a missionary. Not infrequently some never get back.

This is an account of the kidnaping of the Rev. C. A. Bridgman, of Fowchow, Szechwan, West China, formerly of Winona, Ontario, who went with Pastor Ding, a Chinese Christian, on a venturesome but necessary errand into the Chinese hills to aid isolated groups of Christians. The story is told in a letter recently received by *The New Outlook* (Toronto), the organ of the United Church of Canada, from the Rev. T. Edgar Plewman, a United Church missionary.

MR. BRIDGMAN and the native Chinese pastor were in a chapel in a small village called Baokiamiao when the bandits walked in and covered them with the automatics. A school-teacher was forced to accompany them for ten miles, when the bandits ordered him to return to the village with a note from Mr. Bridgman to say that he had been carried off, and a warning from the bandits that they would torture their prisoners to death if the ransom was not forthcoming promptly.

The ransom demanded was $800,000 for Mr. Bridgman and $300,000 for Pastor Ding.

Eventually word reached Chungking, and Mr. Plewman writes:

"The Chungking missionaries decided that it was imperative that some one go down to Fowchow with Mrs. Bridgman and seek Bridgman's release.

"Not a word had been heard of him in the week that had elapsed. A cable caught the British Minister on a war-ship en route to Nanking, and in turn he wirelessed the Chinese Government at Nanking, asking them to put pressure at once on the military authorities in this province to get the captives free.

"In the last few weeks two foreigners had been killed to the south of Chungking, one named Pyke and the other named Smith, both by bandits, and at different places.

"In Kiangsi Province three Swedish missionaries had been killed, a little farther south two Catholic priests had been killed, and in north China a Britisher had been killed.

"So Mrs. Bridgman had good reason to fear that her husband might be tortured to death."

MRS. BRIDGMAN went with Mr. Plewman to Fowchow, and there they saw General Yang, who was in charge of the troops, and learned that the British authorities were also making efforts for the release of the kidnaped men. The letter continues:

"Meanwhile, soldiers had been sent up into the robber section, proclamations had been posted up all over the country, ordering the people to inform the officials if they had any knowledge as to the whereabouts of the prisoners.

"Several days passed by and, apart from rumors that the men had been done to death, we could not get a word.

"Then a man whom we had sent up to scout around, came back and said that he had seen a woman who had been at a mission school, knew Mr. Bridgman, and was willing to do anything she could to save his life. She gave some useful information, but asked that her name be kept out of the matter, as it would mean sure death to her.

"A day or so later another of our men came back, saying that near a certain village he met a man who got talking with him, and admitted that he was connected with the bandits. He assured us that the men had not been tortured, and were as well as the inevitable hardships of their position would permit.

"From our messenger we inferred that the robbers were getting afraid of being captured and executed themselves, and would now be willing to take a nominal amount of money, and let the men go.

"The same day came another man with a belated letter in Chinese, written by Pastor Ding eight days earlier, and initialed by Mr. Bridgman in English, saying that the latter had been tortured every day, and demanding $300,000 ransom, or death would follow.

"Which was true—the later news that he was all right or the earlier news that he was under torture? I hoped that the letter had been dictated to Ding at the point of a revolver, and probably initialed by Bridgman without knowing what he was signing."

Courtesy of the United Church of Canada

Worth $800,000

That is the ransom demanded by Chinese bandits for the Rev. C. A. Bridgman, Canadian missionary. He escaped.

THE letter was kept secret from Mrs. Bridgman, and the missionaries continued their efforts, one being to send a man to find the go-between again, and offer a reward of $200 for the release of the captives. However, the letter continues:

"Two days later we were all sitting at supper when we heard a halloo from outside.

"We all made a dash for the door, Mrs. Bridgman leading, and there was a ragged specimen clothed in tattered Chinese clothes, and with a nearly three weeks' beard—Charlie Bridgman. Mrs. Bridgman would hardly allow him to answer any questions as to how he escaped, so anxious was she to get him within reach of a bathtub.

"Altho he had been threatened over and over again with torture, the robbers never actually injured him. He had been confined in a dark hole for eight days, then because the soldiers were close, and their bugles could be heard, they were again moved at night to another hiding-place fifteen miles away.

"There they were confined another eight days. Their legs were shackled, and they were not allowed to talk together. Even an involuntary sneeze, and an automatic was at their head.

"But the night of the sixteenth day was wet and windy. Perhaps the man at their door with an automatic went off to smoke opium, thinking that in such a night and with his prisoners shackled there was no chance of escape. Usually they could hear him clicking the revolver outside their door.

"This night they had not heard him. Near daybreak, Bridgman sprung one of his shackles sufficiently to get his foot free. He then fastened the shackle and chain to the other knee, so that it would not drag on the ground or trip him when running. He next helped the Chinese pastor get loose from one of his shackles, and he also tied chain and shackle to the other knee.

"Going out they passed one man who did not see them.

"When part way to Fowchow they managed to get a couple of horses to ride, and pushed on as hard as they could.

"As they arrived on Saturday night, they insisted on going to church Sunday for a four-hour thanksgiving service before taking the prolonged rest that both needed.

"In eighteen days, because of revolting food and other conditions, Mr. Bridgman had lost twenty pounds."

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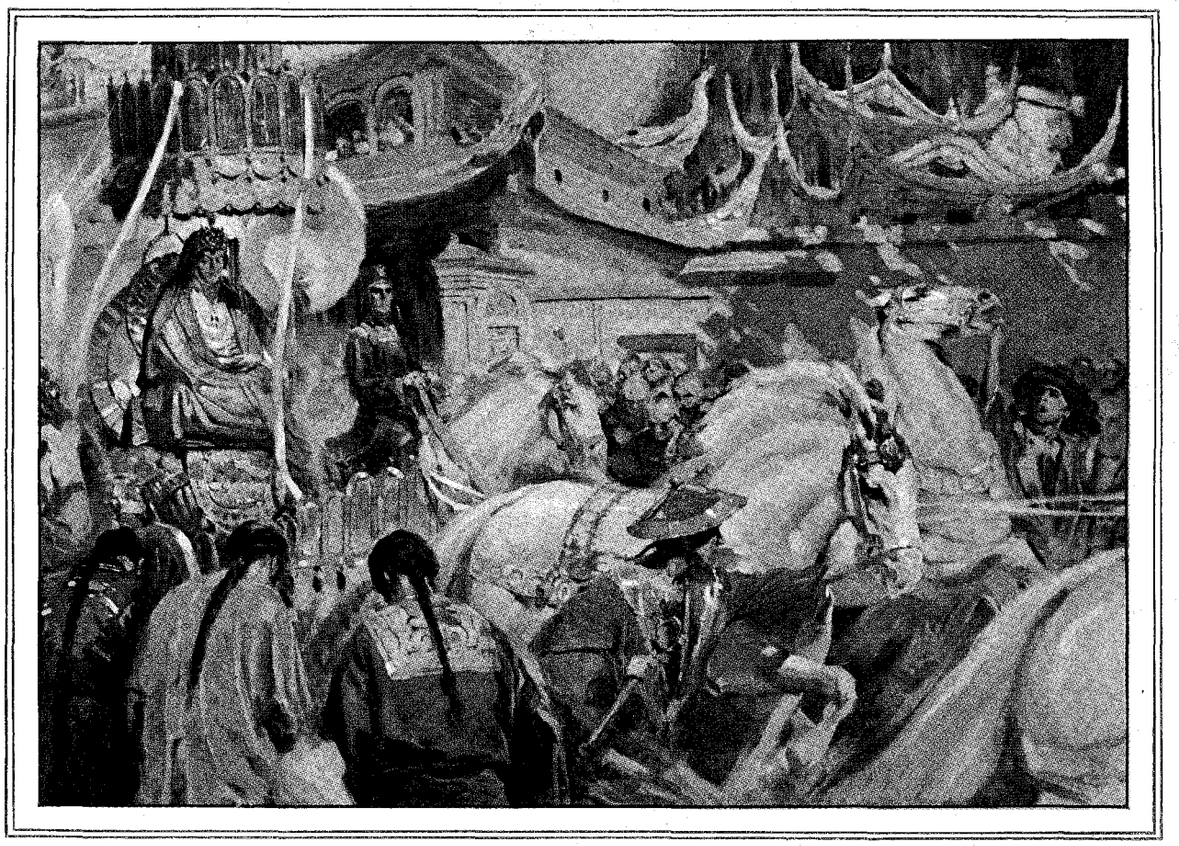
PACKARD



LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

Brilliant with all the ornate splendor of old Cathay, the gold and lacquered carriage of the Empress of China once marked the height of oriental luxury

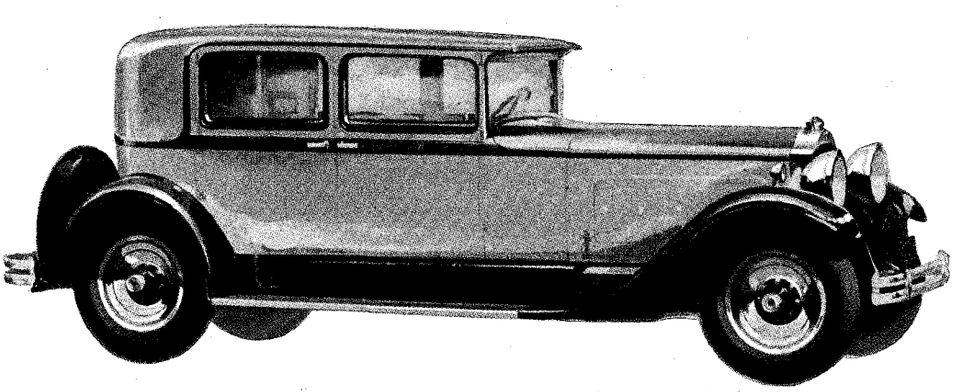
If you are looking forward to the day when you may own a distinguished and luxurious Packard Eight, think of this: You are paying for a Packard—why not have it—and why not have it *now?*

It costs you as much to operate and maintain your car of Packard size—no matter how much lower its original price—as it would a Packard Standard Eight. License, insurance, garage, gasoline, oil, tire and repair costs are not always less just because first cost happened to be lower.

As for depreciation, the one important cost of car ownership, figure it this way: A car for which you pay around sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars and trade in after two years or so, costs as much in depreciation as a Packard which you drive for some three years. And after all most Packard owners keep their cars much longer.

Thus the lower first cost is no advantage in the end. The real advantage is all with the Packard, for its characteristic beauty is unchanging—and you enjoy *luxurious transportation* at no increase in expense. Any Packard dealer will gladly furnish you definite proof of these statements.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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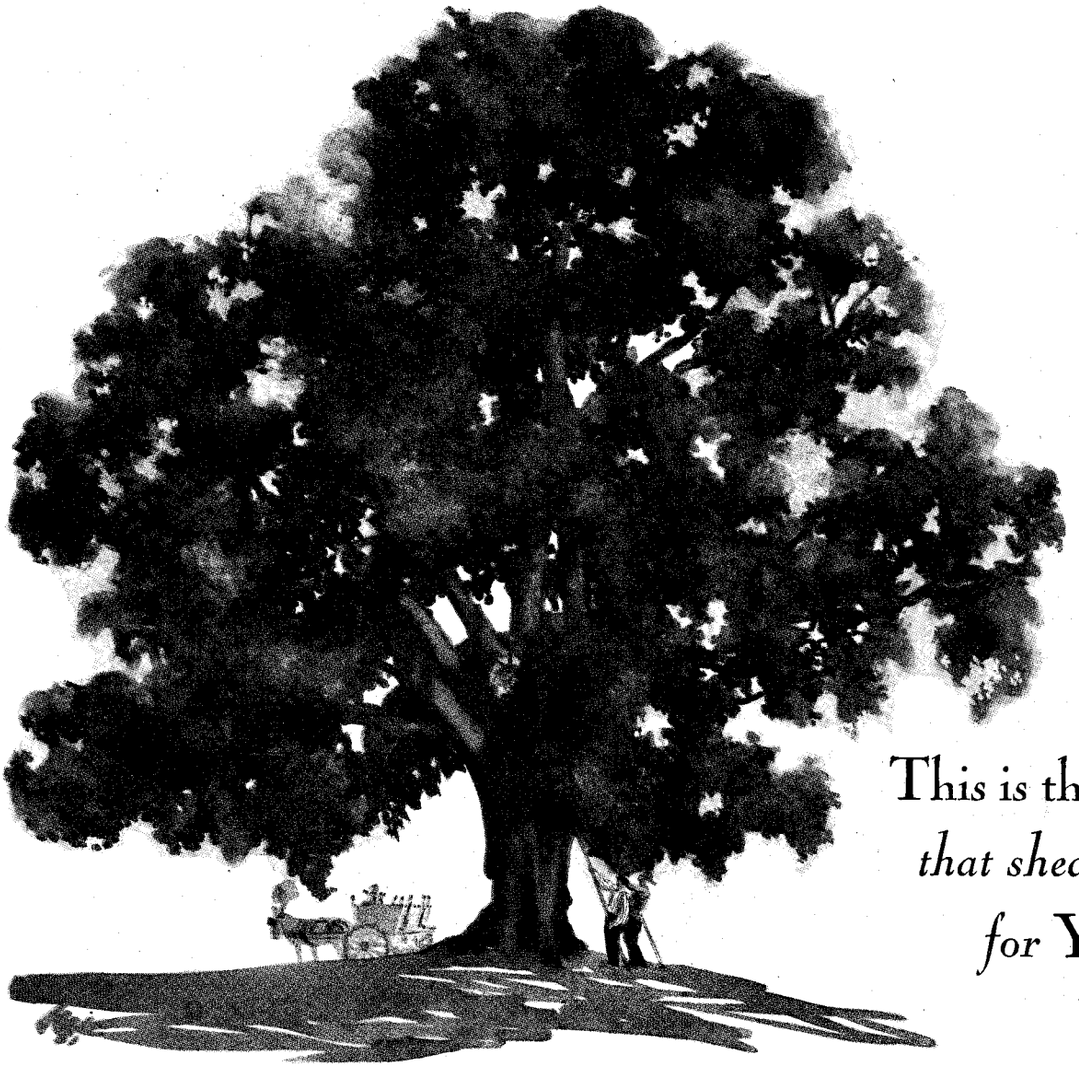

This is the TREE *that sheds its skin for* YOU

CORK, like many other good and useful things, grows on trees. These cork oak trees flourish on the mountainous slopes of the countries around the Mediterranean Sea.

After the cork tree grows up and gets to be twenty or twenty-five years old, men strip the outer bark off. That is the cork.

The stripping doesn't hurt the tree. It grows another thick skin of even better cork in nine or ten years.

The tree lives for more than one hundred years and produces a crop of cork every nine or ten years during its lifetime.

This is how Armstrong gets the cork from which to make the stoppers for our bottles, Armstrong's Corkboard to protect our food in refrigerators and insulate our buildings against heat and cold, Armstrong's Cork Gaskets to seal liquids in our automobiles and other machines, and the ground cork in the Armstrong's Linoleum for our floors.

Light, workable, resilient, moisture-resistant, cork is used for a hundred and one other things that make life easier, or safer, or more economical, or more pleasant. Cork, for example, has much to do with spinning the yarn and weaving the cloth from which our clothes are made.

The Armstrong Cork Company, with ten thousand employees at home and abroad, plays an important part in the cork industry, from the stripping of the trees to the manufacture of finished cork products. For free booklet, "Cork," write to the Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A)

Identify Armstrong's Products by the Name and the Mark

* * *

Makers of Armstrong's Bottle Corks and Crown Bottle Caps, Armstrong's Cork Gaskets and Mechanical Specialties, Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation, Cork Pipe Covering and Insulating Brick, Armstrong's Machinery Isolation to reduce vibration, Corkoustic to absorb sound, and cork products of all kinds. Also makers of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors and Armstrong's Quaker Rugs.

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time, WJZ and coast-to-coast network.

Engineers, Manufacturers, Business Men:

You are seeking ways to improve your product, more efficient ways to produce it. You want to reduce its cost to the user. If in your products or processes you need a material other than metal, consider the properties of the many forms of Armstrong's Cork. With its microscopic air-cell structure, cork is buoyant, elastic, resilient, compressible, and sound-absorbent. It resists the passage of heat, moisture, and liquids. It presents a gripping frictional surface, and stands up in service without progressive deterioration. Our Industrial Service Section, with ample research facilities, will gladly study your problems with you. Address Industrial Service Section, *Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

Armstrong's CORK

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

HERE is a rare theme, perhaps untouched before, in *The New Republic* (New York). Let fathers answer:

DAUGHTERS

By William Rose Benét

I know I never did devise
Two tall girls with kind clear eyes.
This is more than life allows:
Two tall girls with candid brows.
I wonder how one understands
Two tall girls with slim, deft hands,
Quiet, graceful, moved to mirth
By—to them—a smiling earth.

Children that they were I've known.
Now, they hardly seem my own.
Now a sudden stride is taken
And the bough of life is shaken
Musical for them; for me
'Tis a gnarled, deep-rooted tree
Flourishing through sun and rain
From the darkest soil of pain.

Can it be they move and breathe
With anything I could bequeath?
Most their mother, yet not she,
Strangely they have come to be
Two tall girls who unaware
Waken spring in winter air
And with their beauty say "Let be!"
To all straitened agony.

I know I never did devise
In love and passion on this wise.
She, all grace, conceived this grace.
Yet in time and out of space
An individual pulse and thought
Have clearly and distinctly wrought
Some stilly miracle made new
In the difference of these two.

TAPS are sounded over one of the fast-vanishing ranks of 1861-4. *Poetry* (Chicago) prints it:

JOHN BEEM

By Stanley Kimmel

One by one the men who served under Grant go down,
One by one they step into line on the long march,
One by one they slip away to sleep and to dream.
Bugler!
Drummer!
This is the last order!
This is the long march!

Vicksburg and the surrender of Pemberton,
Sherman marching three hundred miles to the sea,
Lee waiting in the house of McLean at Appomattox,
Are legacies from the men who served under Grant
As one by one they step into line on the long march,
As one by one they slip away to sleep and to dream.
Bugler!
Drummer!
This is the last order!
This is the long march!

Take down the photograph and the letter from a president,
Fold up the Vicksburg daily printed on wall-paper during the siege,
Put them away in a package with the word yesterday written upon it.
Bugler!
Drummer!
This is the last order!
This is the long march.

A town and a nation say good-bye to you, John Beem;
Farmers, coal-diggers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, preachers,
Thank you for stopping over so long in the town, in the nation;
Thank you for the campaign stories told on quiet afternoons;
Thank you for the service you gave to the Union under Grant;
Thank you and say good-bye to you, John Beem.

"CONTEMPORARIES FROM TENNESSEE" (Knoxville) is a thin anthology of University of Tennessee Verse, 1920-1930. The following gem won the Ossoli Poetry Prize for 1930:

ABANDONED ROADS

By Amy May Rogers

We are the abandoned roads.
Beside the great highways we linger.
We have faltered, stumbled in the onward march,
And now we look wistfully on.
Resigned, like old people in chimney-corners,
We watch these young roads,
Smooth of face, broad-backed, strong-muscled.
How they swagger! How they conquer all obstacles!
"Narrow," they sneer, swerving past us.
Yes, we *are* narrow. No time had our makers for broad roads.
They must press forward!
But they stirred up our dust with their laughter,
Packed it down with their tears and the sweat of their bodies.
Through the years we have bowed to their burdens.
In their triumphs, defeats; in joyous procession, in mourning,
They have deepened our ruts, they have furrowed our faces.
In silence we watch while the young roads
Lift all care from our shoulders.
Soon our last faint traces will be hidden by grasses and wild flowers.

But we have lived abundantly,
We abandoned roads.

IN *The Lantern* (Brooklyn) is this imaginative commingling of piety and mysticism:

"*And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him . . . and they parted His raiment and cast lots.*"—Luke 23 : 33-34.

SANDALS

By Goldie Capers Smith

The Cross was black on Calvary,
The Man hung lifeless now,
Unheeded lay the crown of thorns
Upon His tortured brow.

We gambled for the clothes He wore,
His sandals fell to me;
They had been scarred upon the road
That winds to Calvary.

I clasped them on unholy feet,
Set out upon my way,—
The paths were strange the sandals chose,
I could not make them stay:

They took me to an olive grove,
So dark I could not see,—
And I, who always scoffed at prayer,
Knelt down beneath a tree.

They led me through a temple gate,—
And I, who claimed no soul,
Beheld a cripple kiss my feet
And go his way, made whole.

They sought, and found, in Bethlehem,
A stable, star-lit, bare,—
An angel brushed me as I knelt
Beside a manger there!

THIS behooves the poet to know his star before he sings. *The Harp* (Bilpre, Kan.) prints it:

THE SINGERS

By Monroe Heath

A small song the lyrist sings:
A muted phrase; tinted wings;
Faint perfume; pale blossomings.

This is all the verses are—
Unless one find in them the far
Reflection of his own star.

FOR those who like dogs—and that's a legion—there is this in "The Singing Hearth" (Felsburg & Lauer, New York):

COMRADES

By Russel Wragg

They had grown old together, and a band
Of brotherhood had bound their hearts as one:
Man looked at dog and saw the setting sun,
And he, to comfort, licked his master's hand.
No speech was needed here, to understand;
If there were hurts, reproaches there were none,
And even after life itself is done,
They shall be comrades in another land.

Pity the man who knows no pattering paws,
Who wins no welcoming bark for his return,
Who never sees the scratch of little claws
Upon his polished floors; Pray he may earn
The adoration of clear eyes that see
Within a master's face their deity.

OUR June 28 issue contained a page of American student verse; the two following are the product of young English poets appearing in *The Nation and Athenæum* (London). Printed here for those who wish to make comparisons:

SUNSET

By Romilly John

Half sunk in drowsy western banks of clouds
The eye of day still lingers. Night usurps
The Eastern dome, and now delays her horde
Of sun-shy travellers through infinity.
Wrapped in the twilight rose whose petals fade
The gentle sun grows big, nor will offend
The timorous eyes his midday glare doth blind.
His huge majestic round what unknown thought
Impels? What law, by whom and how decreed,
Lays down his time-appointing pathway thus
Undeviating through uncharted heaven?
We ask—and as we do, we know not how,
Though still unanswered, heavenly comfort then
Soothes our poor heart, and that wild question's void.

ANAN WOOD

By Lyle Donaghy

As in the surprise of a city
A vigorous host breaks through
The small decrepit handful
Of defenders that remain
But a purple moat is rising
At the feet of the nigh-slain.
And out of the death-stricken
A silence takes its way
With deep unceasing transit
That regains victory:

Within a wood that was dying,
With trunks all lichened and grey,
Few branches like broken sword-hilts
Still stood to dispute the way
Of the master sun that entered
For all that they could do—

But the red foxglove rises
Round the living few;
And on the site of the perished
Is one that attracts you
With flowers of soft white colour—
Yet keeping a green hue.

Oh, there was never any
Sensed all its present mood,
And wished the wood in prime for
Grey fragments of a wood;
Who saw, where the trunk was nerveless,
And the hand with the sword-hilts numb,
From the feet and side of the fallen,
Extreme beauty come.

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What Byrd Found

WELL, WHAT GOOD WAS IT?

What did they find out?

These and similar queries are familiar at the close of every polar expedition.

Sometimes the answer must be—"Nothing. Lives were lost, and nothing gained." No such reply can truthfully be made regarding the Byrd expedition, planned by an expert, and carried out on time with scientific precision.

In Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), Prof. Griffith Taylor, of Chicago University, who accompanied Scott's final Antarctic expedition as geologist, writes as follows of Byrd's results:

"The American expedition to the Antarctic is returning with a record of success.

"Perhaps the three outstanding features are the large area of new country surveyed, the new light thrown on major scientific problems and, lastly, the new technique in Antarctic exploration, which Byrd and Wilkins have developed.

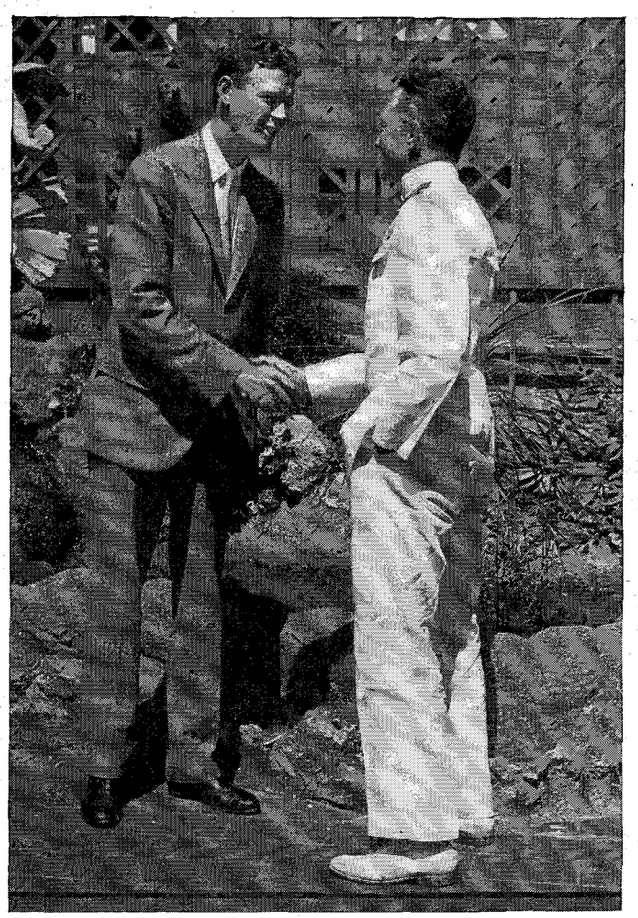
"Byrd's major geographical achievement lies in his charting of the eastern portion of the Great Ross Ice Shelf and the adjacent coast. To this he has added the discovery of a large number of new areas of somewhat less importance, since their major features were known from Amundsen's sledge journeys in 1911-1912, or from Scott's voyage early in 1902.

"Let us first of all consider the salient results of Byrd's wonderful flight on November 28 and 29, 1929. Leaving at 3:30 P. M., he rapidly crossed the undulating low icy surfaces of the Ross Ice Shelf, and then flew up the Liv Glacier. By midnight he reached the Ice Plateau at 10,000 feet.

"He was at the Pole an hour or so later. He came back via the Heiberg Glacier, and then flew east along the foot of the great mountain scarp to obtain a nearer view of the Charles Bob Mountains, which he discovered and named. He found no land where Amundsen placed Carmen Land, and Dr. Gould corroborated this absence later.

"His second great flight was for a distance of about 350 miles to the northeast of Little America. This coastline from King Edward Land to the east was previously entirely unknown for 1,500 miles. No unknown stretch of the Antarctic shoreline of such extent occurs elsewhere around this huge continent.

"Byrd's flight last December enabled him to chart 200 miles of new coast, including a great range of mountains separated from King Edward Land by a long fiord or gulf. This new land, lying east of the British Dependency, he calls Marie Byrd Land. The mountains rise to 10,000 feet and the preliminary maps seem to support the view that it is a great scarp or fault-face of the same type as that bounding the Ross Ice Shelf on its western side. About 100 miles from the coast, Byrd discovered the Rockefeller Range between Marie Byrd Land and Little America."



Acme Newspicture

Mutual Congratulations

Colonel Lindbergh and Rear Admiral Byrd exchange good wishes, one as a rival of the air, and the other on arrival of the heir.

No method of rapid mapping can compare with a photographic survey from the air, asserts Professor Taylor. The observer is able to fix with reasonable accuracy the topography in a great expanse of country, where the sledger with sextant or theodolite would only determine the position of a few dominant features. Quite apart from the discovery of new lands, he says, we may, therefore, reasonably hope for an accurate picture of a belt of country over 1,000 miles long and perhaps 200 miles wide. Such charting has never been done by any previous Antarctic expedition. He goes on:

"Let us now consider the scientific problems which Byrd's expedition has helped to solve.

"It seems probable that the low-lying Ross Ice Shelf continues far to the southeast of the limits assigned to it by Amundsen. The Shelf is probably an enormous sheet of floating ice, reaching to the foot of the giant scarp of the mountain ranges. This scarp towers to 15,000 feet in places, and represents the edge of a block of the earth's crust. This block or 'horst' has been thrust up many thousand feet above sea-level. It seems likely that Marie Byrd Land is another horst, in which case the gulf covered by the Ross Ice Shelf is probably an area of subsidence.

"It is not possible yet to discuss adequately the other scientific results.

"The surface surveys of Dr. Gould and others show that Byrd realizes the limitations as well as the immense advantages of the airplane in the Antarctic. In a journey to the Rockefeller Range—in which Gould's airplane was destroyed in a blizzard—the rocks were found to consist of granites and similar rocks.

"In his survey of the rocks at the lower end of the Liv Glacier, Gould has discovered carbonaceous shales which approach coal in composition. It has been suggested that one of the world's largest coal fields occurs either in this great horst, or to the west of it under the Ice Plateau. Its present economic value is doubtful—but scientifically it is of the greatest interest.

"During some 500 million years the world for the most part enjoyed much more uniform climatic conditions than those which characterize it to-day. It seems likely that fairly temperate climates extended right to the Poles.

"Indeed, the most surprizing result of the fairly complete geological record from Antarctica is that nowhere do we find any evidence of a Great Ice Age, such as that which to-day prevents the growth of any living plant higher than a moss. Nor does any living animal larger than an insect a few millimeters long permanently inhabit this great continent of five million square miles.

"Before Byrd's explorations, Scott had traversed the front of the Ross Ice Shelf—sailing far along its icy front, which towered one or two hundred feet above the sea. He reached nearly to longitude 150° west, where he was blocked by dense pack ice. He sighted the black rocks in King Edward Land (called Scott's Nunataks) and also the adjacent summits of the Alexandra Range.

"Amundsen in 1911 and 1912 placed his headquarters at Framheim, which was within a mile or two of 'Little America.' His journey to the Pole was as direct as possible. He reached the Plateau by way of the Heiberg Glacier, and attained the Pole on December 14, 1911. He returned the same way.

"His surveys were not very complete, and of course were confined to a short distance from his track. He made practically no scientific collections."

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JIMMY'S DAD
HAS
HALITOSIS
Frances Tipton Hunter
You'll never know how cool and painless a shave can be until you use
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat all produce odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an antiseptic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly overcomes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it always before meeting others. Then you will *know* that your breath cannot offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
ends halitosis

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).

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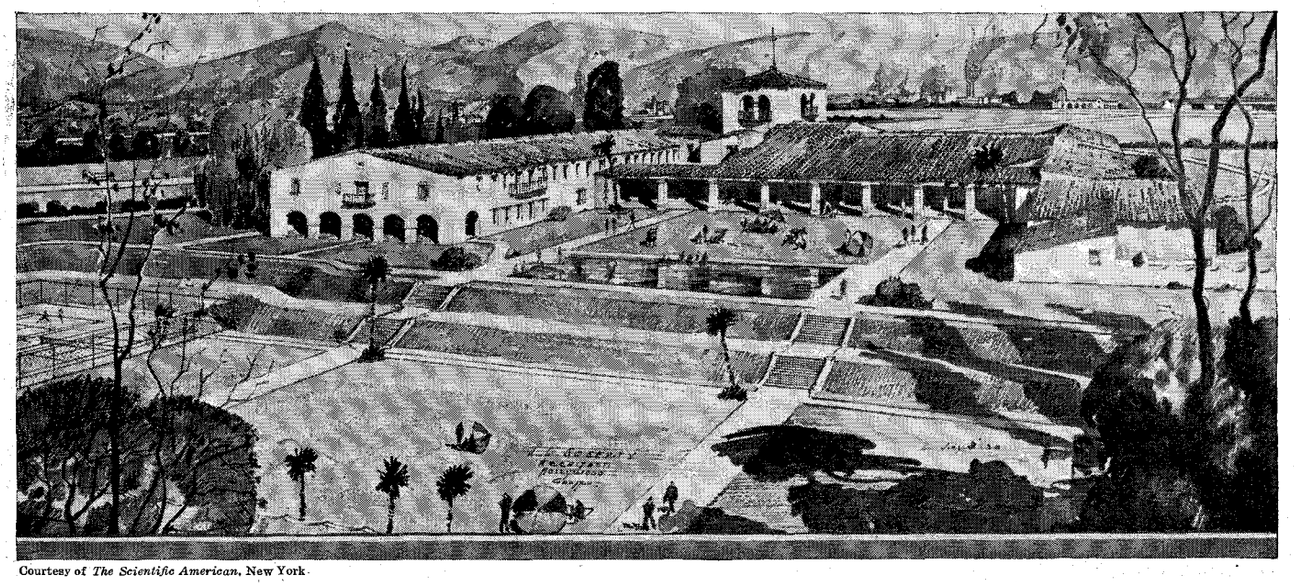

Courtesy of *The Scientific American*, New York

How the Club-house and Grounds of the California Flying Club at Los Angeles Will Look

Hundreds of New Flying Clubs

FLYING CLUBS IN ENGLAND have received large government subsidies.

We are later on the field, but our clubs stand on their own feet. We already have 304, half of them formed in the past eighteen months.

Charles L. Lawrance, who writes on "Flying Clubs for Private Fliers" for *The Scientific American* (New York, July), looks for a large and rapid development of such organizations in the near future. He says:

"There are 304 flying clubs in the United States to-day owning plane equipment.

"Undoubtedly many of these are of loose organization, owning but a single plane and renting hangar space from the nearest airport. Yet the number itself is surprizing. It is estimated that 50 per cent. of the clubs have sprung up during the past eighteen months.

"In other words, American men and women are taking to the air through the most practical means at hand—the flying club. By organizing into groups, people can afford to buy and to maintain an airplane, the cost of which may be beyond the means of any one of the group. The small flying club is one of the most important manifestations of democracy in the airplane field to-day. It means that flying is not only for the rich, but is possible for men of moderate means who are willing to work together so that they may fly.

"In no place is this cooperative movement toward flying more clearly marked than in colleges. While only at Harvard University do students own their own ship, yet the tendency to combine into organized units to promote flying has touched nearly all of the great universities. On May 10, in connection with the Air Show in New York City, the first college aeronautical conference was held. Delegates from the flying clubs of ten colleges were flown to New York in planes of the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service, which picked up representatives from as far west as the University of Kansas.

"In every case it was reported that members of the clubs were putting in flying time with planes rented from the nearest airport. In some cases faculty opposition was reported, but, as a rule, professors themselves were said to be interested in the movement. The membership of every club included a number of licensed pilots, in some cases of the higher grades."

THUS the flying club, even where no equipment is owned, is a powerful factor in increasing the number of people who know how to fly. The larger clubs have made flying comfortable and convenient. The Aviation Country Club of Long Island, opened over a year ago, owns its own club-house and field, as well as four planes. It includes an associate membership of 180 owning fifty planes. We read further:

"The formation of such a club represents a large outlay of capital. On the other hand, the small, loosely organized club which rents hangar space from the nearest airport is under the handicap of having no club-house or headquarters. A compromise is now being worked out by the Flying Club of California, which in July will move into the club-house being built for it at Grand Central Air Terminal outside of Los Angeles.

"The expense of building is being borne entirely by the Curtiss-Wright Airports Corporation, which is renting it to the Flying Club for twenty years. Because the rental is relatively low, the dues of the club are only six dollars a month. It is probable that the next few years will see similar clubs established at the great Eastern and Middle-Western airports."

A Vision of a Workless World

TO ABOLISH ADAM'S CURSE, all that science needs is a method to obtain 40,000,000 degrees of heat, centigrade.

And it isn't as preposterous as it sounds, for a mild warmth of 1,000,000 degrees has already been generated by laboratory means.

Given the extra 39,000,000 degrees, and mankind may hope to defy the factory whistle, for the labor of millions of men may conceivably be done with the subatomic energy now latent in "a teacupful of fuel."

Such are some of the practical visions with which the World Power Conference in Berlin was spellbound the other day by Prof. Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington, "foremost living astrophysicist," and professor of astronomy at Cambridge University.

"There is enough energy in a drop of water," he told the conference, "to furnish 200 horse-power for a year."

But the poor old universe itself is probably dying, according to the same authority. In fact, it is because of the general cosmic break-down, or break-up, that these illimitable reservoirs of power are awaiting release—if science can only find the magic key.

Why that key might be expected to lurk in a temperature of 40,000,000 degrees is explained in a copyrighted Berlin dispatch in the New York *Evening Post*. Sir Arthur is quoted thus:

"We needn't travel far to find this paradise of power; the energy of which I am speaking exists abundantly in everything we see and we handle. Only it is so securely locked away that for all the good it does us, it might as well be in the remotest star—unless we can find the key. The cupboard is locked, but we are irresistibly drawn to peep through the keyhole, like boys who know where the jam is.

"Let us now consider whether astronomy has anything to say concerning the conditions of the release of subatomic energy.

"The answer is that if you want to tap any really large supply of subatomic energy, you must heat matter to a temperature of 40,000,000 degrees, centigrade."

Sir Arthur acknowledged that the prospect is not very bright

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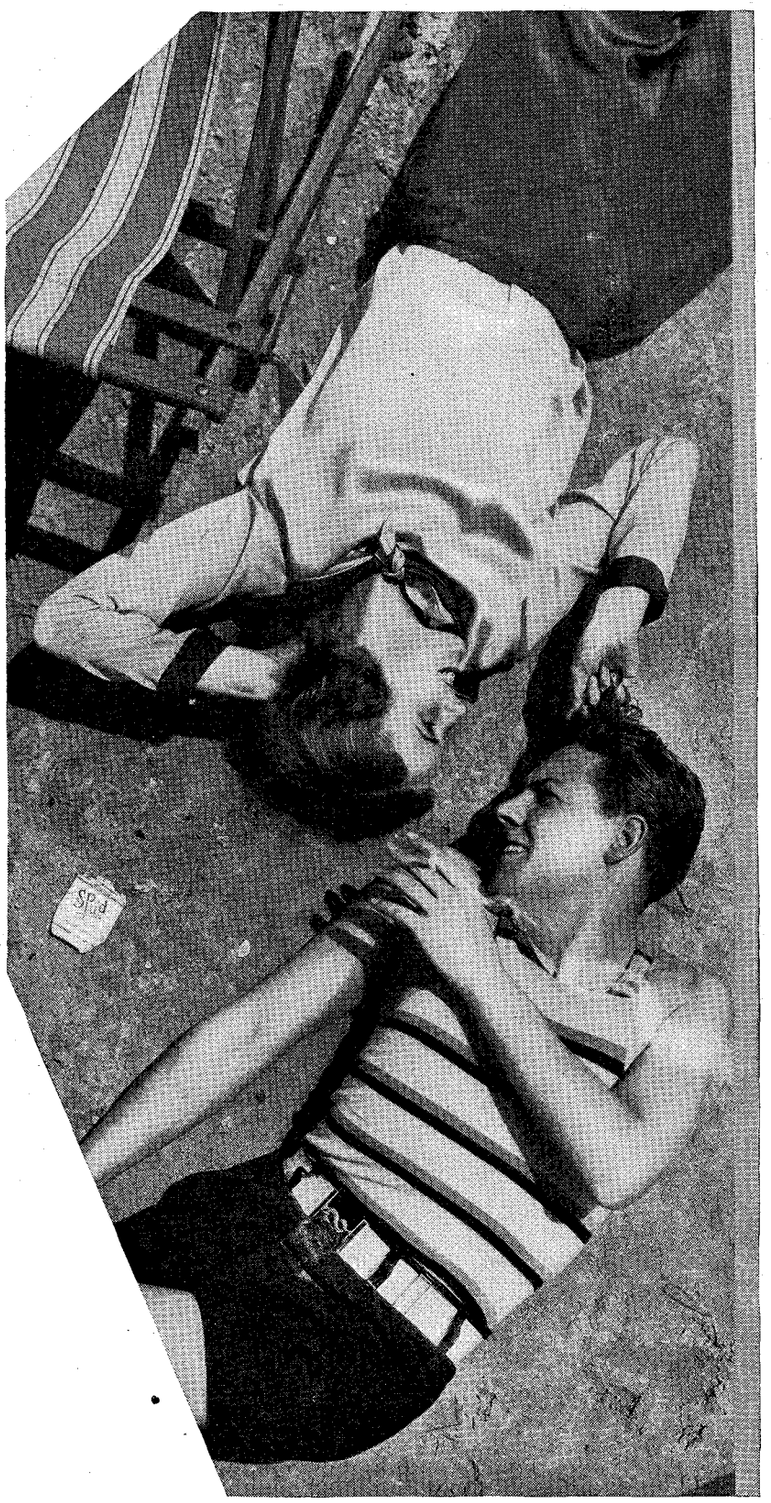

DOES LOAFING ENLARGE YOUR CIGARETTE APPETITE?

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ RELAX IN "HAPPY-MOUTH" AND COOLER SMOKE!

When summer brings the time and weather for loafing . . . do your cigarettes work overtime? What a great time to smoke right through your first Spud pack! Finish your twentieth straight Spud and you find yourself still mouth-happy...tongue and throat in their natural, moist-cool comfort. That's what Spud's 16% cooler smoke does! It sustains your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor, of Spud's choice tobacco blend. Everywhere, Spud is the growing, grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten

. . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

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for commercial development of subatomic energy, and remarked that if a laboratory attempt were made to heat matter to 40,000,000 degrees, he would take care "not to be too near the laboratory when the experiment is tried."

Why 40,000,000 degrees? Well, the figure is approximate, it appears, and symbolizes a sort of cosmic boiling point, "at which matter seems to yield up its energy prolifically," in the words of Sir Arthur, as quoted by a New York *Times* correspondent. The true figure may be nearer 30,000,000 degrees. It is supposed to tally with the internal temperature of the sun and stars, where energy is being generated at a great rate.

Eddington's contribution to the conference was second in interest only to that of Einstein, on whose discoveries the British astronomer's research is largely based. Concerning the constant annihilation of matter, *The Times* quotes Eddington as saying:

"The possibility, or perhaps probability, that the universe is slowly dissolving into radiation raises the question of whether there is any counter process. May not the radiation traversing the world somehow collect and form itself anew into protons and electrons? On this point you may guess what you will; I have no light to throw.

"But don't forget that, altho we might provide in this way for the renewing of matter that has dissolved away, and for the renewing of stars that have died out, there is an inexorable running-down of the universe as energy is degraded from an organized into a more disorganized form.

"Subatomic energy may extend the life of the universe from millions to billions of years; other possibilities of rejuvenation may extend it from billions to trillions. But unless we can circumvent the second law of thermodynamics—which is as much as to say that unless we can make time run backward—the universe must ultimately reach a state of uniform changelessness."

Ford's Rustless Metal

NO; Henry Ford didn't invent it, we are hastily assured by *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio); but he "saw it first" for the automobile industry. This paper proceeds to give us these details:

"The new product is 'Allegheny metal,' and it is an alloy of the finest steel with about 18 per cent chromium, 8 per cent. nickel, and smaller amounts of manganese, silicon, phosphorus, and sulfur. Being steel, it, of course, has carbon in the mixture, too.

"An alloy, you remember, is an intimate combination of metals, to form new properties. There may be a chemical union, or a mere physical mixture, or combinations of both, in a complex alloy such as Allegheny metal. Not only the constituents, but the manner of their melting, mixing, and cooling, affect the properties of the final product. It is like making tasty soup—there must be the proper ingredients, and a good cook as well.

"Allegheny metal was invented in Germany during the Great War as a type of armor. The British discovered it about the same time. Only a few years ago were the methods of making it in large quantities worked out, then Henry Ford made a contract for most of the American production. He uses about 1,000 tons of it a month.

"You will see this metal on the bright parts of the newest Ford cars. It won't rust, won't tarnish, won't weather. Being one of the hardest forms of steel ever invented, it won't scratch. Nickel, once the premier of bright metal platings, is hardly used at all to-day in the automobile industry.

"This is the second time Henry Ford saw something first in the business he is in.

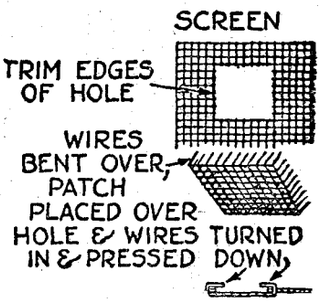
"Many years ago he picked up the broken axle of a wrecked French racing car, and found a part of it to be unusually hard. He had the metal analyzed, and discovered vanadium in the alloy. Up to that time it was a secret with the French, but soon all the 'Lizzies' had castings at the ends of their axles of finger-thinness—but they never broke!

"They were of vanadium steel—the first light, tough alloy to be used in automobile manufacture."

How Common Things Work—XXII

Care of Wire Window-Screens

THE INFALLIBLE AND UNERRING WAY in which a mosquito will discover a hole in a wire screen must evoke admiration even while the unhappy human who neglected to mend it slaps himself black and blue in vain attempts to locate the elusive pest.



To Mend a Screen

The following directions for maintenance and repair are given in "Fix It Yourself; Home Repairs Made Easy," by Arthur Wakeling, home-workshop editor of *Popular Science Monthly* (Popular Science Publishing Company, New York). We read:

"Nothing so adds to the general appearance of dilapidation as unpainted screen frames and sagging and broken screening, yet these can be remedied with a little work, and almost entirely prevented with a little thought and care.

"When the screens are removed in the fall, gather loose screws, hooks, buttons, and attachments and tie them securely in a piece of canvas. Fasten the bundle to the handle of one of the screen doors.

"See that each screen is marked for ready identification. One way is to cut a Roman numeral in the edge of each screen with a ½ inch wide chisel and a corresponding numeral on the edge of the window casing opposite where the screen has been marked. Another method is to obtain metallic number tacks, which may be purchased cheaply at any hardware store. Even marking the botom of each screen with a heavy colored marking crayon will serve as a makeshift.

"When the screens are down, brush them well outdoors. While doing this, note carefully whether any of the screens, if covered with painted or galvanized wire, have a brown or slightly rusty look. These should be placed at one side for painting at the earliest opportunity; the wire may be past service if left until spring.

"Asphaltum varnish thinned with turpentine may be used for painting the wire, or regular black or green screen enamel. Boiled linseed oil with a little turpentine added, together with sufficient lampblack to color it black, is very easy to use, especially if applied with a small piece of close-grained sponge instead of a brush. This mixture can be used on galvanized screening one year, and spar varnish thinned with turpentine can be applied the following year, and so on through the life of the wire. With bronze and copper screening, this labor is saved."

Now we come to the important paragraphs on mending holes:

"If any tears or holes are seen, they may be repaired readily, if not too large, with small screen wire patches, the edges of which are unraveled and caught in the screen, as shown in the figure. Often a screen may be repaired by sewing a neat patch through and through with a piece of the screen wire.

"Usually it is impossible to repair a 'run' or tear along the line of tacks. In such a case, even if the wire is otherwise in good condition, it is best to put on new wire.

"To remove old wire, take off the molding covering the tacks, pull out a few tacks at one corner only, hold down the frame firmly with the left hand, and catching hold of the loosened wire at the corner, give a sharp upward pull. The entire piece of netting will come off. Remove all remaining tacks. Lay the new piece of wire on the frame, and fasten with new tacks.

"Metal braces for sagging doors, spring hinges, corner irons, latches, and stops to prevent doors from banging are usually obtainable at hardware stores.

"The lower panel of a screen door may be filled with a thin board, or a wall-board panel can be set in with strips of wood to resist the onslaught of children, dogs, and cats. A hand-piece ¾ by 3 inches fastened from stile to stile, about 4 feet 6 inches from the floor, will reduce the damage done by careless persons who push against the wire netting, which soon pulls the wire from its fastenings.

"Temporary screens, as for a camp, may be made by cutting woven cloth screen about 6 inches larger each way than the opening between the casings of the window to be screened. Wind the edges around ⅜ by ⅜ inch strips of wood of a length to fit loosely in the opening, and drive small brads through the strips into the edge of the window casing."

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Yeast *expels* body poisons...

Dr. Catalina of Madrid tells of simple way to keep intestines active!

WORRIED about your health? Then read what this brilliant authority advises . . . Dr. Alberto Catalina, of the Society of Medicine and Surgery of Spain!

Dr. Catalina's astounding surgical feats early won him the applause of the European medical world. He is the author of an important treatise, "Constipation." He says:

"To combat constipation and related disturbances of nutrition and the skin, we have a highly effective remedy in yeast.

"Recent experiments," Dr. Catalina explains, "have confirmed the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms. It stimulates digestion and frees the system from a great quantity of poison."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, actually strengthens the intestines . . . "tones" them up to function normally. Food wastes are gently cleared away. Appetite picks up. Your whole system is purified, invigorated!

Try it! Eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast every day. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label.

Famous Doctors urge this Health Care!

DR. DARTIGUES, former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris, asserts: "Yeast is a harmless way to keep intestines clean and maintain vitality."

DR. GUSTAV SINGER, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University of Vienna, states: "Yeast is the best way to keep the intestines free of germs."

DR. ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's great St. Göran Hospital, explains: "I have used yeast for 25 years. It keeps the whole intestinal tract in a healthy, clean condition."

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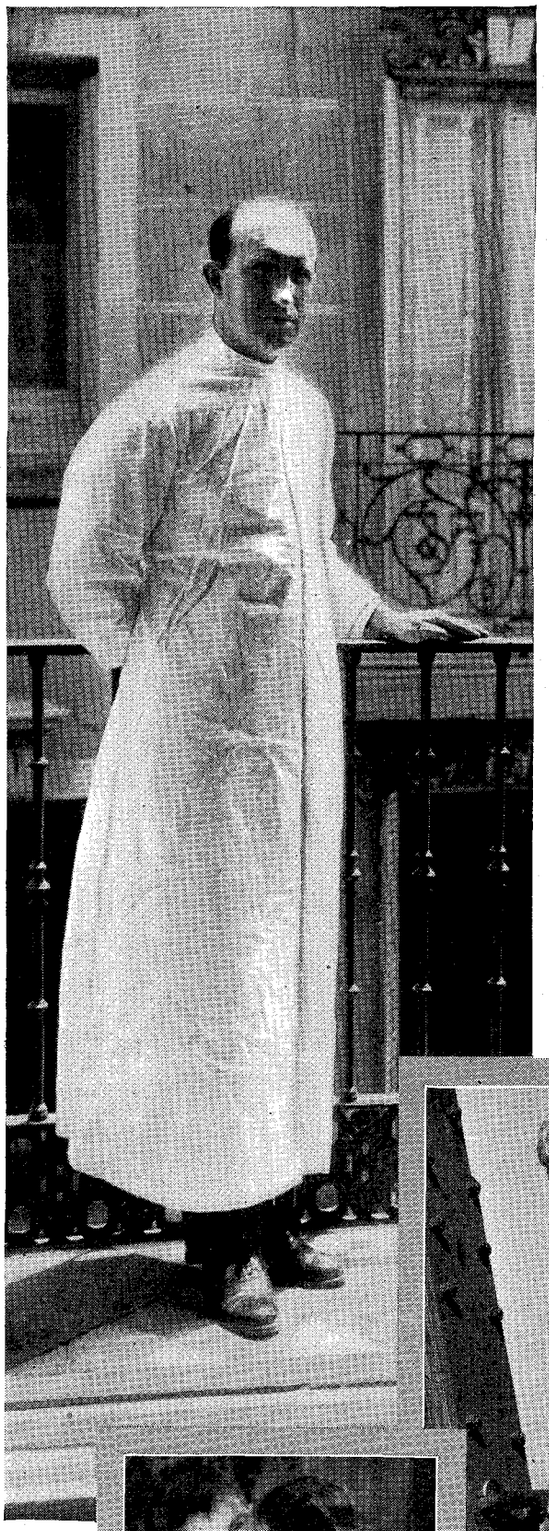
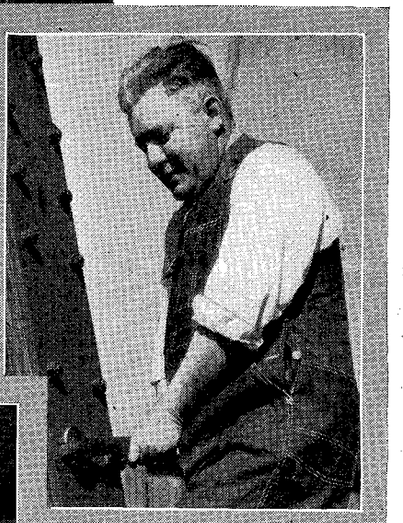


EXPLAINS INTESTINAL SPECIALIST

BELOW: "I was worried about my digestion," *writes* A. O. BELDING *of San Francisco.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and was soon back in good shape again."



"Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, my doctor recommended"

"I had contracted intestinal trouble," *writes* MRS. MARGUERITE FALKENBURG, *of Flushing, N. Y.* (at left). "A doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it. And today I'm in the very pink of health."

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Must Kelly Quit Sliding?

"SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE!"

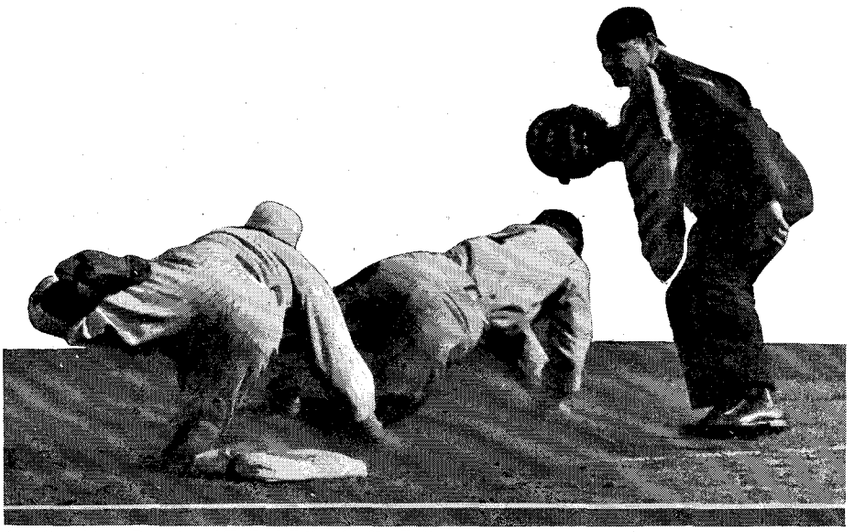
Maybe that good old slogan of the diamond was ringing in the ears of the redoubtable "Rajah," maybe not. At any rate—

It was a hot moment in a game between the Chicago Cubs and the St. Louis Cardinals.

Rogers Hornsby, of the Cubs, that veteran star of many a baseball battle, was making the circuit. Perhaps he could make it to third. Perhaps not.

He took a chance. He slid for the base; and in doing it he broke his left ankle.

Perhaps it was worth it. Perhaps the National League award for the most valuable player, which he received soon after, made him feel better. But the injury laid him up, crippled, and lessened the Chicago team's chances to win the coveted pennant just that much.



Acme Newspicture. By courtesy of *The Baseball Magazine* (New York)

A Peck of Trouble Can Happen Here

The accident to Hornsby brings up the question of whether sliding to bases should be abolished in baseball. In *The Baseball Magazine*, William Everett Hicks argues eloquently that it should. He concedes that the abolition would bring forth a storm of protests from those who fear that the national game would be effeminized. But Mr. Hicks believes differently, and presents his side of the case. He doubts if baseball is played in a manner befitting its character as a national pastime, for example:

When one sees a six-foot-two athlete slide on his stomach toward a base and, getting the tip of his finger on the bag, claim he is safe.

Again, one has beheld a giant of a player throw himself feet foremost at a base bag to get himself under the ball in the hands of the baseman, profiting by the fraction of a second of time which the baseman would require to get the ball down upon the prostrate player sliding under him.

IT IS not denied by the writer that such acrobatic stunts add to the thrills that spectators may need to spur their jaded nerves. But:

It is also not to be denied that, when boxing-gloves succeeded bare fists in prize-fighting, habitués of the ring deplored the passing of much of the old-time excitement, a lament that has not been justified by the intense interest in modern sparring exhibitions such as those of Tunney and Dempsey.

To do away with this ground and lofty tumbling in baseball and to insist upon players keeping their feet would destroy interest in the game only in the sense that the elimination of certain rough features of football was said to detract from spectatorial enjoyment, or the suppression of particular blows in boxing was erroneously expected to mollycoddleize the manly art of self-defense. That is, it was only a vitiated and corrupted sense of sporting values that suffered by the abolition of such features.

Away back in the early days of ball-playing in this country, base-runners were put out by being hit with a thrown ball. When the ball became so hard that a base-runner sustained serious injury if hit, it was decided to put him out by touching him with the ball or having it reach the base ahead of him.

Doubtless then there were not a few who felt that something gloriously strenuous had been taken out of the sport by doing away with the practise of hitting the base-runner for an out.

The pivot blow was banned years ago in boxing, and the rabbit and kidney punches also were declared illegal.

The prohibition of such blows was not attained without remonstrances long and loud. It was eloquently pointed out that the elimination of them would tend to emasculate the sport and eventually reduce it to a level with ping-pong and tiddle-de-winks.

But no such deterioration resulted, and it was soon apparent that real boxing, real sparring, real sport had not in any way suffered.

BUT from the view-point of actual playing "the elimination of sliding to bases would be more important than lending dignity to the game in that it would greatly simplify the umpires' decisions on outs at bases and thus get rid of most of the objections of the spectators to the verdicts of the umpires," Mr. Hicks contends as he continues:

It is safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of the angry protests of spectators at baseball games are caused by the decision on base outs.

These decisions work both ways. The crowd may be enraged if the player is called safe, while a large section may become equally indignant if he is declared out.

Most of these disputed decisions arise in cases of slides to bases when there is a confused tangle of legs and arms often complicated by a cloud of dust.

Even if the umpire is nearer to the spot than any of the spectators the latter often believe, and perhaps rightly, that not even the person at the spot can truly see what happened in that human welter, and that their guess is as good as the umpire's.

With the base-runners going from bag to bag always on their feet the crowd could more easily see the plays, and the openness of them would lessen the reasons for disputing decisions.

NEXT comes the matter of physical injury:

To such an extent has sliding, or diving, to base become a part of the game that managers of big league clubs in their spring training have pits filled with soft material so that players can practise throwing their bodies at the base bags without injuring themselves.

An outfielder is carefully protected in the matter of his delicate hands away out in the field where the balls are mostly easy drops, but his legs and feet are not protected at all.

When his time comes to slide to the base he must do so whether he comes out of the mix-up with a broken ankle or a spike-ripped leg. It is demonstrably easier to prove that the protection of a player's feet and legs is of more importance to a team than the protection of his hand, but such a view does not seem to-day to be the opinion of those who guide the destinies of great baseball teams.

It is safe to say that an outfielder can play a whole season bare-handed without receiving an injury to his fingers one-half as serious as he is likely to receive every time he slides to a base. There is a protective padding at the hips, but the lower part of the legs and the feet are left open to injury.

And the injuries attributable to sliding are often not temporary by any means. An Associated Press dispatch of March 23, 1927, quoted Ty Cobb as saying this: "I have had a little trouble with my back this spring. I sprained it sliding about eight years ago."

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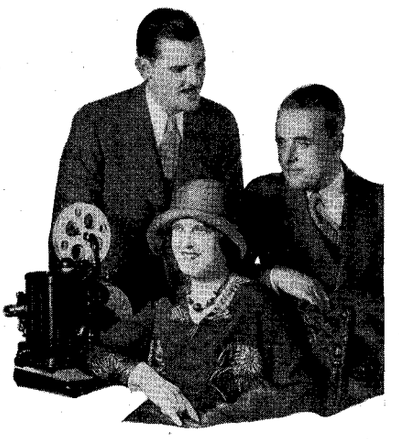
A Special Exhibition



of Home Movies in* FULL COLOR *at
CINÉ-KODAK DEALERS' NOW . . . *see them*

Nothing that this page can say or show can fully reveal the beauty of home movies in color, made with Ciné-Kodak. For Kodacolor is the greatest single triumph in the history of photography.

Every Color the eye can see is reproduced on the Screen in Home Movies . . . taken as easily as a Snapshot . . .

WHAT about home movies in color? Are they hard to make? Can *you* make them? What do you do to get them?

Go today to your nearest Ciné-Kodak dealer and see Kodacolor — amateur-taken movies in *full color!*

Typical films in full color are now on exhibition daily at Ciné-Kodak dealers' throughout the United States and Canada. To see these wonderful full-color pictures is truly a revelation.

Easy as Snapshots!

You take them as easily and as simply as the ordinary snapshot. They reproduce, exactly, *every color the eye sees,* precisely as those colors are.

That means your children *exactly* as they are today — your mother just as she is today. Every scene of your travels. Movies that are life itself — for color and motion are the two things that really picture life.

Now, both are combined in the most amazing of all developments in home movies. Movies that are closer to life than anything known before. Yet so simple that a child can take them.

The same Ciné-Kodak (B or BB *f*.1.9) that takes black-and-white movies takes color. The same Kodascope (A or B) that shows black-and-white movies shows color, and they are really astonishingly easy to make. You simply use a Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting movies in color.

If you can look through a finder and press a lever, you can take these amazingly beautiful pictures. Then send the film to any Eastman processing station. In a few days it comes back to you, ready for projection . . . *at no additional cost;* the charge for developing is included in the price of the film.

Everything is so convenient, so easy. And, if you can afford even the smaller nice things of today, you can afford the Ciné-Kodak.

Ask to see Kodacolor

See what wonders are now offered you by the same Eastman men who so simplified photography that any child can take snapshots. See the exhibition of Kodacolor that is being presented this month by Ciné-Kodak dealers. Visit your dealer today. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODACOLOR
Home Movies in Full Color

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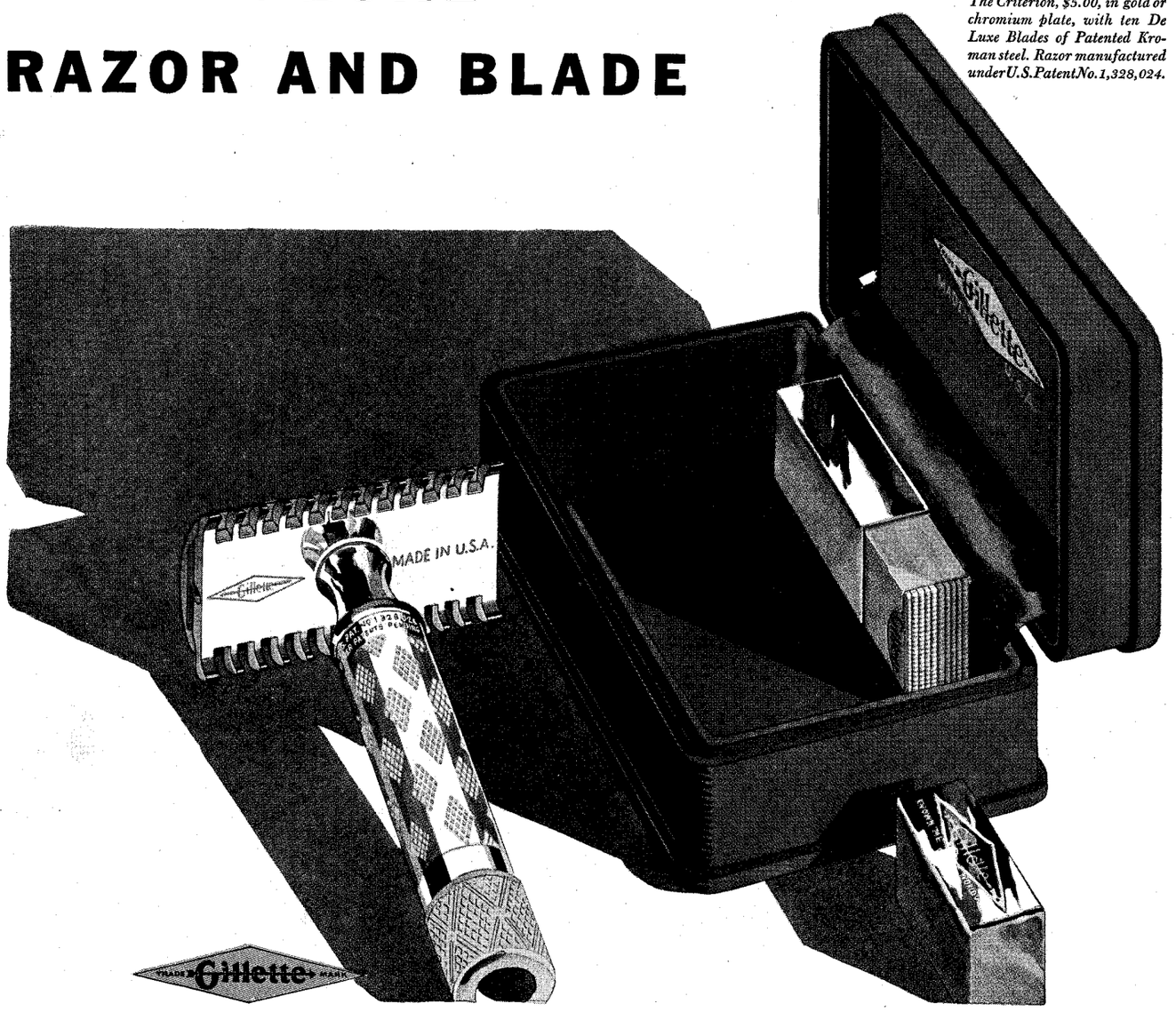
GILLETTE
NEW DE LUXE
RAZOR AND BLADE

The Criterion, $5.00, in gold or chromium plate, with ten De Luxe Blades of Patented Kro-man steel. Razor manufactured under U.S. Patent No. 1,328,024.



The man with an instinctive taste for fine quality in his personal equipment will feel that five dollars is a small lifetime price to pay for this aristocrat among razors—distinguished not only by its handsome appearance and solid masculine dignity, but also because of the supreme luxury of its shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U.S.A.

The De Luxe Blade of patented Kro-man steel, ten for $2.00, manufactured under U. S. Patent No. 1,644,097.

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No More "Foul" Finishes

HITTING BELOW THE BELT has been relieved of its ancient stigma in the State of New York.

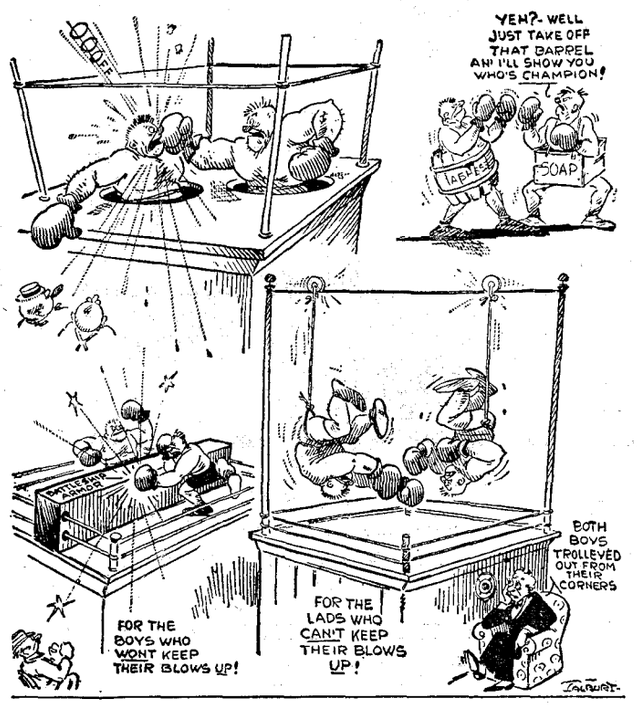
To rescue the boxing industry from the devastating unpopularity brought about by an epidemic of decisions based on claims of "foul," the New York State Athletic Commission has legalized low punches, but permits the fighters to wear a special protective apparatus which will obviate injury from blows in the abdominal region.

A list of ten "foul finish" fights, with gate receipts aggregating $1,252,060, is given by Ned Brown in the New York *World*. It begins with the $749,500 Schmeling-Sharkey contest, but does not include the Carnera-Godfrey fiasco. As Mr. Brown interprets the new rule, "any fighter who claims he has been hit low will have to stand the consequences." He predicts that, "If you count over 'em they'll get up—and get up pronto!" Continuing:

And, if you ask me, that's what this new ruling will do—it'll make those chronic foul howlers get up and fight. Or, better, it will keep them from sinking dramatically to the mat, contorting their features and putting a contortionist to shame the while they whine "Foul!" And cause the tin horn element in the back of the room to chortle in ungodly glee at the bleat of the sucker who bet with them.

"BOXING being a large commercial industry, with expensive plants in New York City and elsewhere," remarks the New York *Times* in an editorial, "it is almost a business news item that the State Athletic Commission has ruled out foul blows." And we read on:

The first important event to benefit by the ruling is the contest for the lightweight championship [Al Singer against Sammy Mandell] which will be held here July 17. Unless the American public can take a great deal more punishment than its ring idols, the attendance at that bout would have been visibly affected. But now, assured that no decision will be awarded on a foul, spectators may see what they are looking for. Should the assurance fail, the State Athletic Commission can be held responsible.


OOOFF
YEH?- WELL JUST TAKE OFF THAT BARREL AN' I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S CHAMPION!
TAPE
SOAP
FOR THE BOYS WHO WONT KEEP THEIR BLOWS UP!
FOR THE LADS WHO CAN'T KEEP THEIR BLOWS UP!
BOTH BOYS TROLLEYED OUT FROM THEIR CORNERS
TALBURT

Doing Our Best to Solve the Fouling Problem

—Talburt in the New York "Telegram."

In an article written before the Commission made its "foul" rule, Ned Brown, whom we have already quoted, reminded his readers:

It is a significant commentary on the condition of affairs that two world's championships have been won on fouls this year, whereas in the entire history of the sport of boxing since the Queensberry rules, only once before had a world's title been won in this fashion. That was in 1912, when Referee Jim Griffin gave Willie Ritchie the decision over Ad Wolgast, which carried with it the lightweight championship of the world.

On July 25, 1929, Jackie Fields won the welter-weight championship from Joe Dundee on a foul.

The most costly foul, so far as the paying public is concerned, was the recent one in the Max Schmeling-Jack Sharkey fight, which cost the fans just $749,500. The saving feature of this was that a charity benefited to the extent of some $200,000 through it.

Next in cost to the paying customer came the Fields-Dundee fight, held in Detroit, which cost $125,000. Scott and Von Porat were third on the list, drawing $85,561 from the fans for a foul, of which Scott, as usual, was the victim.

Strangely enough, the fouling seems to have been confined mainly to New York and Detroit, these two cities sharing the brunt of the fistic fiascos.

Johnny Risko contracted the fouling habit about one year ago, when he lost to George Cook on a foul, in Boston; lost the same way to Tuffy Griffith, in Detroit, and then repeated in his fight with K. O. Christner, in Cleveland. These three bouts cost the fight fans something like $125,000.

And what's to be done about it? The various Boxing Commissions have legislated and decreed and made rulings till they're blue in the face and yet the fouling goes on apace. Increases, in fact!

There is a reason for this epidemic of fouls. It's to be found in the commercialism of the boxing game, in the exorbitant purses offered so-called "star" boxers, and in the inherent inability of these "stars" to box—in their ignorance of what Gene Tunney once called the "finer points of scientific boxing." Also in their lack of gameness or stamina, ability to stand up under the punishment that their predecessors thought nothing of.

A CANVASS of various members of the boxing fraternity revealed to Mr. Brown the almost unanimous opinion that "ninety-nine out of one hundred fouls are fakes." That is, "in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the fighter claiming foul could get up and continue." In fact, we read on, the knowing ones in the game voiced the same opinion:

Jimmy Hennessey, who was Campolo's trainer, and now trains Eddie Reilly, said:

"Make the referee count over the fighter who makes a claim of foul. He'll get up and go on fighting quick enough if you do. They get up in the armories. Nine out of ten are merely stalling. The referee should see the punches. Of course, it puts the referee in bad with the crowd to begin counting a man out right away, but while he's counting he can make up his mind how badly the fallen fighter is hurt, if at all."

Humbert J. Fugazy, who used to fight under the name of Jack Lee, is another who is disdainful of those fighters who cry foul.

"I used to get hit about every place," said Fugazy, "and when I was fighting we didn't have the protective devices the fighters of to-day use. No, I didn't claim foul. Real fighters don't do that."

George Engel, an old-timer, who once managed Harry Greb and other stars, said:

"Ninety-nine out of a hundred aren't fouled when they make the claim. Why, with the equipment the fighters wear to-day, you can't foul them. Just start counting over them and you'll see how quickly they'll get up."

Tom McArdle, match-maker for Madison Square Garden, said:

"Well, some of them might be really fouled. But a lot of 'em could get up. There should be a law. Give a really fouled fighter a rest of ten minutes or so. An intentional fouler should be thrown out of the ring, and suspended for a year or so. Take their dough, and treat them rough. They're only robbing the fight fans and making it tough for the promoters."

Frank Bruen, general manager of Madison Square Garden, favored giving a fouled fighter a rest of ten minutes. He, too, is skeptical that fighters can be hurt by a low blow with the equipment they wear in the ring to-day.

Capt. George Foster of the Public Safety Department thinks that not 1 per cent. of the fighters who claim foul in order to win a fight is "on the level" with his claim.

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TO YOUR WIFE

WHEN, IF AND AS ISSUED

If you're a bounding bachelor, you can buy any old brand of tooth paste you please.

But the day you're married, you bow to the whims and conceits of the one and only woman!

Women buy about 84 per cent of all the tooth paste sold! Your own nomination of your choice of tooth paste vanishes.

Which probably is just as well. But if Ipana isn't already in your house, show these 3 statements to your wife:

1 **Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.**

2 **If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.**

3 **Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!**

Even though "pink tooth brush" or weak, tender gums may never threaten you, Ipana's double protection is a wise precaution. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana.

Hand the coupon to your wife.

To my Better Half:

As the head of my household and bursar of the budget, may I respectfully suggest that, on my behalf and yours, you include upon your list of drug store necessities, one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed.....

Is the American Boy Quitting Baseball?

SCHOOL'S out!

Down the street, to the vacant lot at the corner, troop the boys, swinging baseball bats and gloves, tossing a ball back and forth as they run.

"First bat!" calls one, and, by thus putting in the first claim, wins that coveted honor.

"Second bat!" another cries.

"Third bat!"

In this impromptu fashion the all-important question of batting order is settled.

And now they are at the lot and a game of one old cat is in hilariously noisy progress.

Illustrations by courtesy of the Philadelphia *Sunday Ledger*

Is This Scene Becoming a Thing of the Past?

From these sand-lot games came the present generation of baseball players and fans. But what of the future?

According to some observers, American boys are turning away from baseball to tennis, golf, track, swimming. If this is true, whence will come to-morrow's players and fans? Among those who see a decline of baseball interest among boys is a man who should know what he is talking about—James A. Michener, coach and teacher at the Hill School, in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. In a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, he states his belief and gives reasons for it, based on personal experience, statistics, and interviews with others in touch with the situation.

We wonder if our readers will agree with Mr. Michener's conclusions, quoted from *The Public Ledger:*

Baseball rose to great popularity, and from the sand-lot came many of the game's outstanding stars.

Sporting pages of the last fifteen years have been very careful to point out, at every possible turn, the sand-lot derivation of the home-team's stars, and the records of the big leagues show that a fine training place for aspiring youngsters was the old corner-lot ball game, in which the whole of the small town might take part.

This state of affairs began to change about nine or ten years ago. The distracting influence appeared in a multitude of shapes. Many have laid the blame to golf or the movies or the revived interest in swimming or football or any other of a number of things.

Whatever the reason, in the early years of the last decade baseball, as a nation-wide diversion, went into a devastating decline from which it has not yet emerged and which, if present indications are correct, it can not hope to overcome.

This does not mean that baseball will die. Big-league parks will be filled just as surely ten years from now as they are to-day, but the small-corner games, the alley ball, the "movin's up," and the famous catch during recess have grown old and died a natural death in many sections of the country, and will probably do so in many more within the next few years.

This may sound like a broad generalization to the baseball addict, but to any one connected with the intramural or playground recreation of boys, it is a proved fact. Baseball has, as a sport for schoolboys, passed its period of greatest interest, and is now being supplanted by several other forms of athletic and social entertainment.

BEFORE observing what these substitutes are, "it may be of interest to produce some proof of the contention that baseball is on the wane as far as the young mind is concerned," the writer says as he proceeds:

First of all, the most significant fact is that the big-league magnates are aware of the fact that interest on the part of the younger generation is decidedly below what it used to be. Consequently, this year three ball-parks are thrown open to youngsters "in an effort to build up an interest in the game."

There is still, and there always will be, the scrambling horde of boys about the ball-park gates, but the other boys, the

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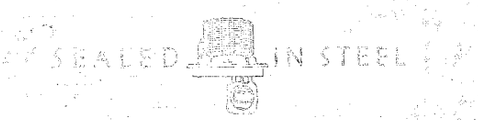
The MONITOR TOP

has established a record of trouble-free service unequalled *in the entire history of electric refrigeration*



The Monitor Top—just look at it—scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet one of the most amazing—one of the most revolutionary—triumphs of modern engineering.

Scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet sealed within it is the *entire mechanism* that will operate a General Electric Refrigerator year in and year out, without a thought, without a worry, without so much as a drop of oil from you.

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Why not look at a General Electric Refrigerator this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. You'll find a model exactly suited to your own particular needs—a refrigerator of such quiet, efficient, and economical operation as you never dreamed of—ready to go to work for you tomorrow morning! Write for our illustrated booklet. Section D-7, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio.

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ones who used to play their games unobtrusively in the alleys, have put aside their bats and balls; it is to them that the gates are thrown open.

Whether they heed the invitation or not, the magnates have done their share.

The second proof comes in the form of reports from playground centers, which find that year after year more boys are playing tennis and fewer baseball. In some sections this is true to such an extent that ball-fields have been made over into tennis-courts in order to utilize the ground for a greater number of interested boys.

Play supervisors find that boys are more and more awkward in the handling of the baseball implements, while they become more and more adept in the other sports.

Ball games, too, are organized with much more difficulty than the more personal games, such as tennis and golf.

The third place to look for this information is in the sporting-goods stores.

As one proprietor observed: "The boys buy gloves, but not as many, and they don't bother much about the game. Now when I was a kid . . ."

I doubt if there has been an appreciable decline in actual sales, for baseball is a disease which all boys undergo at a certain stage in growing.

The difference is that to-day recovery from the once-virulent sickness is alarmingly rapid. This results in a quick change from one sport to another, with baseball almost always the discarded game.

One Reason Why They Desert the Sandlot

WHAT is supplanting the game? asks Mr. Michener. A variety of sports, we learn as we read on:

Two are immediately suggested, and of the two—golf and tennis—either seems at present to hold more interest for the young boy than baseball.

First of all, each of the two sports is intensely personal; there is always some individual action taking place.

Secondly, personal excitement is continually at a high pitch, for every stroke in tennis means just as much as another, and the same is true of golf.

There are no long waits in either game.

The most noticeable thing, however, is that golf and tennis, each in its own way, are quite tiring, and when one has shot eighteen holes of golf or played three sets of tennis, one is aware of a workout; but time after time, when baseball practise is over or when a game has ended, the boys run onto the track and take a couple of stiff laps about the quarter-mile in an effort to supply the physical exhaustion which baseball does not produce.

ANOTHER reason advanced for this increased popularity of golf among boys is the fact that it is a game that can be played for a lifetime. As for other games, we learn:

The third sport which draws increasing members from baseball is track. Here the reason is entirely personal, for track, above every other form of sport save, perhaps, boxing, places a premium upon the body, and that, notoriously, is a fine reason for attracting boys.

In the school which employs me the number of tennis and golf players remains constant; the number of track participants rises, from year to year, in exactly the same proportion to which the baseball partizans decrease. In high-schools this is doubly true.

The reason for this sudden swing to track is, I think, the fact that running and jumping and vaulting and tossing the weights do measurably improve the human body. A boy is no longer satisfied with the mere extraneous contest going on between two baseball teams, for he is, at the best, merely a cog in the team-machine; but in track he is that machine!

In the West, swimming is a rising form of intra-group competition.

In the Middle Eastern and Middle Southern States lacrosse is making big strides. In these States the schools and colleges which play lacrosse enlist their teams largely from the fall-term football squads, for the two games are equally vicious and equally filled with bodily contact.

Why All-America Track Stars Are "Easy Pickin'"

AFTER SELECTING All-America football teams, which is largely a matter of opinion, and suffering all the criticisms attendant thereto, it must seem pleasant and restful to pick an All-America track and field team.

The "choosing of a track team is based on actual performances of time and distance," and that is why, explains Knute Rockne, the famous Notre Dame coach. Mr. Rockne is chairman of the All-America Board of Track and Field, which chose the 1930 team, said to be the first in history. His comments on the choices, copyrighted by the Christy Walsh Syndicate, are quoted from the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*.

The selections made, together with the best records in time and distance made this season by the honored athletes, follow:

100-Yard Dash, Wykoff, Southern California, 9.4. 220-Yard Dash, Simpson, Ohio State, 20.7. 440-Yard Run, Bowen, Pittsburgh, 48. 880-Yard Run, Chapman, Bates, 1:52.4. 1-Mile Run, Bullwinkle, City College of New York, 4:15.8. 2-Mile Run, Manning, Wichita, 9:18.1. 120-Yard High Hurdles, Anderson, Washington, 14.4. 220-Yard Low Hurdles, Sentman, Illinois, 23.2. Broad Jump, Hamm, Georgia Technical, 25 feet, 6½ inches. High Jump, Stewart, Southern California, 6 feet, 5 inches. Pole Vault, Tom Warne, Northwestern, 13 feet 11⅛ inches. Shot Put, Harley Rothert, Stanford, 52 feet 1½ inches. Discus Throw, Krenz, Stanford, 167 feet 5¾ inches. Javelin Throw, Churchill, California, 212 feet 5 inches. Hammer Throw, Conner, Yale, 177 feet 10 inches. One-Mile Relay Team, Engle, Yale, 48.1, Walters, Northwestern, 48.2, Williams, Southern California, 48.2, Bowen, Pittsburgh, 48.

COMMENTING on the line-up, the Notre Dame coach says in *The Sun-Telegraph:*

The coaches who developed the individuals on this team are deserving of a lot of credit for their excellent work. It is not surprizing that four colleges on the coast—Southern California, Leland Stanford, Washington, and California—account for six of the fifteen honor titles, but it is interesting to note that several of the best performers of the year come from small colleges with limited enrolment.

In the sprints Wykoff and Simpson were chosen unanimously. Nor was there much doubt about Bowen, of Pittsburgh, in the quarter, or Chapman, of Bates, in the half mile.

In the mile there was considerable difference of opinion. Hill, of Oregon; Martin, of Purdue, and Sivak, of Butler, all received votes and so did Lermond, of the Army.

The majority of the votes went to Bullwinkle for his impressive race at the eastern collegiates and his 4:15.8 effort a week later at the New York A. C. games. Lermond, of the Army, was unfortunate in that West Point's competition was so restricted that he did not have a chance to compare with the others.

Manning, of Wichita, the two-mile sensation of the year, was chosen almost unanimously and so was Anderson, of Washington, in the high hurdles, and Sentman, of Illinois, in the low hurdles. Rockaway, of Ohio State, was never quite able to reach his great form of a year ago when he ran the low hurdles in 22.8 seconds.

Altho Gorden, of Iowa, defeated Hamm at the national collegiates in the broad jump, the Georgia Tech. boy received a large majority of the votes on his very impressive performances throughout the year. The only time he was able to reach twenty-five feet being on the occasion of the meet in Chicago.

Conner, of Yale, was the unanimous choice in the hammer throw, and so was Churchill, of California, in the javelin throw.

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SHE'S ONLY A SUNSHINE BATHER . . .

Yet she has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SHE paddles around only in the sand. She makes a "splash" in the social swim, but could hardly be called the mermaid of her beach club.

Yet, for all her lack of swimming prowess, this popular member of the younger set has an unmistakable case of the ringworm infection now commonly known as "Athlete's Foot."

Dainty, petite and always correct, she nevertheless is bothered and vaguely puzzled by the red, rash-like eruption between the toes of her shapely little feet.

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease— So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

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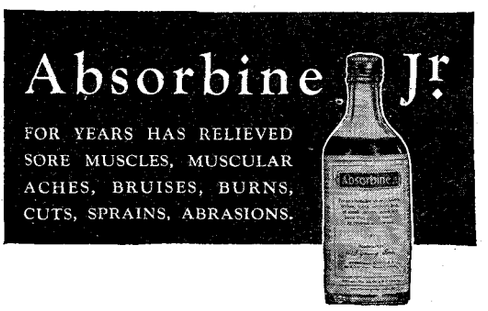
*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



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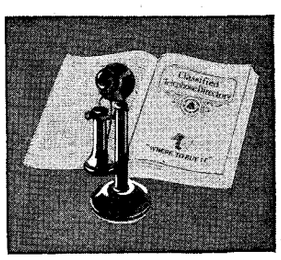

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

Cornell Reigns Again on the Hudson

"OPEN water!"

The crowds on the train and the bank of the Hudson River burst into even more furious cheering.

The two powerful crews pulled with "slow, long, powerful" strokes, Harry Cross reports in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Sure enough, there was open water between the shells of Cornell and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Thus Cornell came back, regaining its crown of the Hudson after fifteen years of exile from this athletic honor. The last year the Ithaca crew won the four-mile varsity boat race in the regatta at Poughkeepsie was 1915.

The spirit of Charles Courtney, the classic coach of Cayuga, who guided Cornell to many a similar victory in the past, hovered over the Hudson as the cry, "Cornell wins!" rang out, W. McK. Lightbowne suggests in the New York *World.*

It was a race of upsets. Such favorites as Columbia, Navy, and Washington were out of it, the final positions of the crews being as follows:

First, Cornell; second, Syracuse; third, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; fourth, California; fifth, Columbia; sixth, Washington; seventh, Pennsylvania; eighth, Wisconsin; ninth, Navy, which was swamped before the finish.

IT was a great race, too, we are assured by alumni, crews, non-collegiate fans, and sports writers. And altho every loyal alumnus wanted to see his *Alma Mater* victorious, there seems to have been considerable sentimental joy over the sensational return to supremacy of the old ruler, Cornell.

Says Mr. Cross in *The Herald Tribune:*

The almost forgotten rowing greatness of Cornell came back to the Hudson—came back with imposing splendor when the big red crew of Ithaca swung to impressive victory in the varsity race, won the junior varsity battle of oars, and finished second to Syracuse in the freshman incident.

It was a regatta of astonishing surprizes, with the widely heralded crews of the Far West once more playing second fiddle to Eastern oarsmanship. The varsity crews of Washington, California, and Navy, all figuring in the advance calculations to gather the glory at the country's greatest rowing spectacle, never even threatened during the struggle.

Cornell's last victory on the Hudson was in 1915, when Pop Courtney still was coaching on Cayuga Lake. With his passing, Cornell's victories ceased, but the old man left behind him an unequaled record of rowing triumphs. Back again

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to-night, under Jim Wray, came victory to perch on the Cornell standard.

THE nine crews got away to a good start, Mr. Cross's graphic description continues:

They had gone only a quarter of a mile when the first surprize of the race came in a spurt by the crew from Massachusetts Tech. The Engineers went out a length in front, with Pennsylvania, California, and Cornell following in close order. Just after the mile, the Cornell crew, settling down to a steady swing under a low thirty-one beat, began to creep up on Tech.

At the mile and a half a roar went up from the Cornell followers on the observation train, for the Ithacans' shell had come up on even terms with the Beavers, and then taken the lead. California was third and Syracuse fourth, with the other shells grouped closely behind. Washington and Columbia, on the outside lanes, were fighting it out between themselves, more than two lengths back.

Tech's short-lived threat was over, and Cornell pulled steadily down the river, the boat running smoothly under the terrific power of the perfectly attuned oars. Coming to Coe's Cut, just before the two-mile mark, Cornell's shell was in front by inches. M. I. T. was about half a length in front of California, with Syracuse, Washington, Navy, and Columbia only a few yards apart.

Just past the two-mile mark Cornell had a quarter of a boat's length over Tech. Then a shout went up from the Syracuse rooters, for the Orange was creeping up fast. It began to cut down the scant length advantage of California. Cornell was pulling a thirty-two stroke, and the shell was running through the water with a melodious swing.

Tech sent its beat up to thirty-six and made a bold attempt to regain its lost margin.

Cornell lengthened out its advantage to almost a length at the two-and-one-half-mile mark, and Syracuse drew up on even terms with California, passed the Golden Bears and took possession of third place. Syracuse then went out to get Tech, and in another hundred yards the Orange shell was lapping the Tech bow.

"Open water!" yelled the crowds on the train and along the river bank, and sure enough, as the two crews pulled a slow, long, powerful stroke, there was open water between the Ithacans and Technology.

CORNELL, it is almost superfluous to say, was wild with joy, with joy described in another *Herald Tribune* account by J. P. Abramsen. At the crew's training quarters at Highland, New York, the air was rent with cheers. And there was still further jubilation, we learn as we read further in Mr. Abramsen's article:

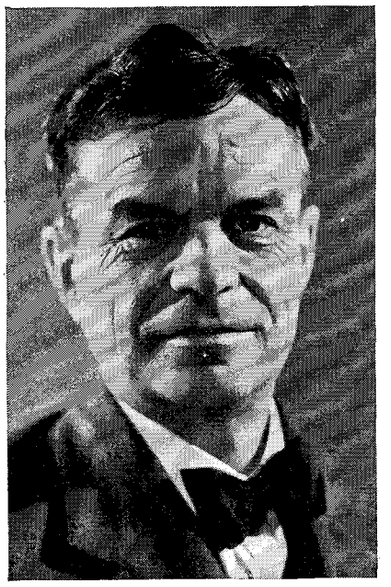
Oarsmen and their families and friends and old Cornell grads whooped it up. The excitement was all the greater, for no one in the Cornell camp could have dreamed of such a day, the greatest Cornell day since Courtney's Invincibles ruled the river. The pent-up energy of months and months of training let loose, as the giant sweep-swingers broke training.

In the midst of all the turmoil stood Robert McCrae Wilson, Jr., of Montclair, New Jersey, a member of the sophomore

WHAT IS

Electric Time

AND WHAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE?



Mr. Henry E. Warren

TODAY'S world is electric. Many conveniences come from the electric outlet—light like the sun's—power for vacuum cleaners and radios—and now in Telechron★ Electric Timekeepers, energy that measures minutes!

Telechron Electric Timekeepers are as great an advance over traditional methods as was the spring-driven clock over the sun-dial. They are silent and uncannily precise. They require no winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating.

Regulated generators tell correct time

Electric time is a tribute to the inventive genius of Henry E. Warren, of Ashland, Massachusetts. Many years ago, he designed a clock that contained, instead of the usual springs and escapements, a tiny self-starting, synchronous motor driven by the impulses of alternating current on tap at the light socket.

But before Mr. Warren's invention could be made useful in homes and offices, it was necessary to control the impulses of alternating current at their source. And so Mr. Warren incorporated his invention in a Telechron Master Clock for use in the power house. Checked frequently with radio signals from the U. S. Naval Observatory, the Telechron Master Clock indicates whether the giant generators are running at an even speed. By keeping generator speeds constant, the power company assures regular current impulses and safeguards the accuracy of Telechron Clocks everywhere.

To date, more than 400 Telechron Master Clocks have been installed by the largest power companies in America. Together, these companies supply current regulated by Telechron Master Clocks to more than 16,000,000 of the nation's 20,000,000 residential meters. 80% of those homes having electricity may enjoy the accuracy and convenience of electric time through Telechron Timekeepers!

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There are many attractive Telechron models, at prices ranging from $9.75 to $55—tambours, uprights and wall clocks, with cases of rare woods and rich metals. See them at the nearest dealer's. You can find him easily by consulting the Classified Telephone Directory under the heading "Telechron." And be sure he shows you *Telechron Clocks*.

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SPRING and summer differ in Hawaii only on the calendar. Cool trade-winds gather the effervescence of ocean spaces. . . . unloose it on tropic shores where you can sport all day and still escape fatigue . . . lend zest to marvelous golf courses that wander verdant mountain-sides, and leave you at the end refreshed. . . . At night they chatter in rustling branches just outside your window and make the warmth of blanket welcome.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

class, to-day rowing his first varsity race as stroke of the winning crew.

WILSON became a big-time oarsman almost without realizing it, we discover as we read on:

Events have transpired rapidly for Bob Wilson, rangy, blond-haired youth of nineteen, six feet two inches tall, weighing 170 pounds. Wilson has a ready smile that reveals a row of flashing teeth. He was one of the most colorful figures in a boat-load of colorful oarsmen, who included a thirty-year-old, bald-headed man, Peter J. McManus, born and bred on a fruit farm in Highland, who watched these intercollegiate rowing spectacles all his life, and who to-day made a boyhood dream come true by pulling an oar in one of these boats, pulling a number five oar in a winning varsity shell.

But Wilson's rise to stroke oar is an almost unbelievable story. "I never saw nor handled an oar," said Wilson, "before I came to Cornell. At Montclair High School I did not take part in athletics. I was president of the Dramatic Society. How did I happen to go out for rowing? Well, I don't know. I just answered the call for candidates, I guess. I was number four in the freshmen boat that rowed against Syracuse last year, but I did not hold that place. I was stroke of the substitute boat that won here a year ago."

Until four weeks ago Wilson was an insignificant figure on the Cornell rowing squad. He was stroke of the third varsity. The last week at the Cayuga camp he was moved to number two in the junior varsity, and suddenly, when Commodore H. D. Shoemaker, varsity stroke, became ill, Wilson was surprizingly shifted to varsity stroke.

But he always thought this was a temporary shift until Shoemaker could come back. He stroked the varsity through its weeks of training here, and expected to leave the boat up until the last day.

"I realized then," Wilson continued, "that I was to row on the big race. I just had to go ahead." And Wilson went ahead, with the Cornell oarsmen behind him, and little Jim Burke, the coxswain.

"I am glad for Cornell, glad for the crew that we won," were the words of the veteran Jim Wray, the Cornell coach, Australian born, with a successful record as Scutter Club coach and Harvard coach behind him when he came to Cornell. This is the end of his third year as director of the big red crews.

THERE was a further triumph for coach Wray in the rigging of his bow, Mr. Abramsen records as he proceeds:

The fifty-five-year-old coach, with iron-gray hair and an iron-gray mustache, saw his varsity shell come home with less water in it than any other boat.

Last year's swamping of the Cornell shell in front of the Cornell quarters will not happen again if Wray can possibly prevent it. To-day he sent out his boat with something new in protection against the waves. Not the usual wash-board along the rim of the craft, but stretches of white canvas that filled the triangle formed by the outriggers.

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What Makes the Robins Soar?

THOUSANDS of fans gathered at the gates at sunup, and within a few hours the crowd had "swelled to such a seething mass that the mounted constabulary had to be summoned to the scene," Joe Williams writes in the New York *Telegram*.

This, he comments, is a spectacle reserved almost exclusively for world series time, but in Brooklyn these days it is "a routine occurrence."

What does the crowd want?

Tickets to the ball game.

This may be taken as an antidote to our story on pages 34 and 36, about baseball's reported decline in the affections of the American boy.

For Brooklyn just now is a hotbed of baseball enthusiasm. After many less prosperious years, the Brooklyn Robins are soaring. They are battling for the lead in the National League, and, in the opinion of experts, they seem to have a good chance to keep up the good work.

The comeback of the Robins has been one of the leading features of the major-league season, and has set the analysts searching for causes.

In the New York *Evening World*, Forrest Cain tries to solve the problem thus:

When a ball team is winning there are generally nine reasons why it is winning. In such fashion might the imminent reasons for the powerful winning stride of the Robins be chronicled:

1. Return of Dazzy Vance to form and health.
2. Restored throwing arm of Glenn Wright.
3. Return of Jake Flowers to health and form.
4. Return of Del Bissonette to health and form.
5. Return of Jumbo Elliott to health and form.
6. Coming of Luque and Lopez.
7. Coming of Finn and Slade.
8. Brilliant rookie pitching of Babe Phelps.
9. Continued form of last year's sensations, Herman, Frederick, and Gilbert.

Should these Robins, now the most generally feared club in the league, go on to win the pennant this year, the feat will stand as one of the epics of the National League's fifty-four years of many colorful chapters.

As a team simply to be reckoned with by the enemy, the Robins shape up so far as the hardest hitting club in the league. A rarely well-balanced batting bunch is distributed from top to bottom of the batting order. The pitching staff, headed by the great Vance back to his old form, has shown a steadily improving effectiveness that rates with the best in the league.

The "Wright" infield of Bissonette, Flowers, Wright, and Gilbert composes an all-around defensive and offensive combination that possibly has no peer. The outfield may, and does, lack defensive finish, but it packs a terrific hitting punch."

ROBBIE calls this his "greatest team in eighteen years at the helm in Brooklyn." And that covers two pennant winners and a close second, the writer tells us, adding, "probably it is." We read on:

Ahoy

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A cooler smoke and a drier pipe

THERE'S *no slipping the hawser,* once you make fast to Granger! First, you'll like the handy foil package that keeps it so *fresh* . . . You'll like the rich, mellow fragrance . . . the shaggy cool flakes . . . the clean ripe flavor of Kentucky's best Burley *sealed in* by Wellman's Method. Man, every sweet wholesome puff is *another* good reason!

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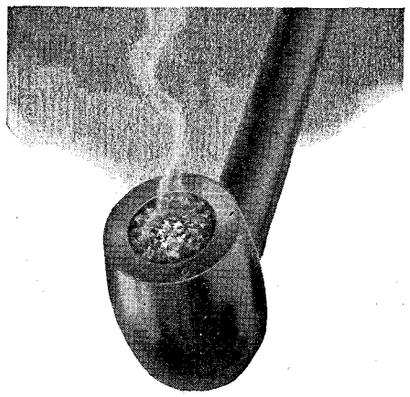

A pipeful of *good* tobacco is the real smoke

TODAY, tomorrow, all the rest of your life, you can enjoy and keep on enjoying good tobacco in a good pipe.

"How can I pick a good pipe, and how can I tell good tobacco?" you may ask. Who but you could answer? You'll know your own good pipe when you bite down on it.

Edgeworth may be the *tobacco* you're looking for. It has the distinctive flavor that men like, the slow-burning coolness; and it is rich with the aroma of fine old burley blended just right. A pipeful of Edgeworth is the real smoke.

Why not try Edgeworth? You can buy it almost anywhere, but for nothing more than the coupon we'll send you a generous free packet to try. How's that for confidence?

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Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.—*Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

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I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

Now let the Edgeworth come! J-36

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

But how Robbie came to acquire his powerful team, how his star players reached their present form, the remarkable array and manner of baseball figures that go to make it up—these provide the epic side of the Brooklyn baseball picture.

Consider, first, the number and nature of those five comebacks.

Vance, the strikeout king, most colorful figure of a pitcher in this generation; Glenn Wright, once hailed as a second Honus Wagner; Del Bissonette, slugging, brilliant first baseman, who was the sensation of 1928; Elliott, the huge southpaw, who had everything that goes to make a great pitcher; Flowers, a most promising hitter and second baseman.

ALL these vitally important men were stricken with injuries or illness last year, but now, we are told, they have returned to the line-up, all of them, in the peak form of their baseball careers. Moreover:

The waving, tattered sleeve of Vance for years has been the symbol of Robin fortunes. It meant to the Robins what the white plume of Henry of Navarre meant to the hosts of France. Dazzy was a sick man last year, victim of spring flu, neuritis and sciatica. Now he is in splendid shape again, hurling just as effectively as in his phenomenal year of 1924.

The Dazzler has flashed such form as to give the Robins a new heart and confidence that only Vance could give them. Advanced years have taken some of the fire from his speed, but his matchless curve and wily pitching head and control give him new effectiveness.

Dazzy sees visions of realizing his greatest ambition in life—to pitch in a world series. That is one bit of pitching fame that has escaped him, and the big ace is striving mightily to achieve what would be the feature of any fall classic.

Glenn Wright and his miraculous comeback provide the romance of the 1930 Robins. Around their quiet, driving captain and great shortstop and batting punch and their vivid kingpin Vance, the rest of the Robin machine revolves smoothly, and surely, and powerfully. These two provide the vital spark necessary to the drive and class of a winning team.

The famous "dead" arm and miraculous operation on Wright, last year, are matters of common knowledge, now. But the comeback of the former Pirate star had another inspiration than a means of livelihood—wherein the element of romance is introduced.

Shortly after Wright's apparently hopeless injury was discovered, down South, his correspondence with a certain girl friend of his boyhood days back home, in Harrisonville, Missouri, took on a serious and sympathetic trend. He brought a sorry-looking baseball career back home, in June, and she married him.

She had, among other things, nerve. Lots of it.

She got him to go through that delicate, serious operation, and pointed all his energies to this year's comeback.

To this bride of a year goes most of Glenn's credit for his spectacular comeback, staged with all the zest of a rookie just coming up.

The game "comebacks of Bissonette, Flowers and Elliott are hardly less spectacular" than the others, in the opinion of Mr. Cain, who continues:

Bissonette, in going through delicate operations for sinus and mastoids during the winter, to regain his batting eye, despaired of his very life at one critical time. But he pulled through in fine shape, and the swarthy, swaggering Canadian is again the slugger of two years ago, and without a peer in the art of covering the bag and stabbing loosely thrown balls out of the dirt. His one weakness is throwing.

Flowers, the frail second-baseman, whom Hornsby always insisted would be a great hitter and a good fielder, is fulfilling the Rajah's best predictions. Here was a great prospect, handicapped by stomach trouble, that nearly ended his career, last year. Operations for appendicitis and tonsils were only starters for his comeback. All last winter he slept in a bed with his lower extremities on a level ten inches above that of his head, to hoist up a sagging stomach.

While the credit for Brooklyn's big splurge is generally credited to these five gallant comebacks, a mighty important share must be handed to five more Robins, new additions by trade and purchase.

There is the unique battery of Luque and Lopez, which a circus barker would advertise as "the wu-u-u-u-n and o-o-o-n-n-ly Spanish spe-e-aking batter-r-ry in capti-i-vity-y." The trade of Doug McWeeny to the Reds for the Cuban veteran was a master stroke for Robbie. Along with the Petty-for-Wright and the Bob McGraw-for-Flowers deals, Robbie stands forth as the big *David Harum* of the year.

Luque, long unlucky and dissatisfied in Cincinnati, has recovered his old form to an amazing extent under Robbie's handling. The pride of Havana, in his fortieth year, and the oldest active pitcher in the National League, appears destined for another of his great seasons.

IN pleasant contrast to the veteran is Alphonso Lopez, "the phenomenal kid catcher and the youngest active backstop in the majors, now the pride and joy of your Uncle Wilbert and all Flatbush," of whom we read on:

Rookie tho he is, he has easily clinched the regular catching job with the most sensational hitting stride as well as smoothest catching style and best throwing arm that have graced a rookie catcher since Mickey Cochrane joined the Athletics.

The one and only Herman is again the logical batting champion, probably the greatest natural hitter in the game. Paired in the outfield with the fleet Johnny Frederick, the Babe's fielding faults are overcome to a point where he isn't the worst right-fielder in the world any more. Frederick set a new mark of fifty-three two-base hits last year. With the veteran Rube Bressler holding up well in left field and Harvey Hendrick in reserve, there is no lack of punch in Robbie's outfield.

In no respect can the Robins' great drive from last to first place on foreign soil be considered a stride over their heads.

The tide of time and balance play leading rôles with ball clubs and pennants. Back there in the dead of winter they began to come the Robins' way with a rush.

Down in the spring training-camp the new spirit from owners and manager quickly infected the players themselves.

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A Drowning Man Is Crazy: Be Firm with Him

DON'T try to rescue a drowning man—unless you are a good swimmer yourself.

Remember, "a drowning person is generally insane for the time being, and is liable to drag you to your death, unless you are capable of swimming with a heavy load."

The advice is that of Frank E. Dalton, a swimming teacher, and son of a famous English Channel swimmer. He gives it in "Swimming Scientifically Taught" (Funk and Wagnalls).

Counsel on rescue from drowning is timely just now. Among the many bits of advice given by Mr. Dalton are the following:

Of the many different ways of saving life, the safest and best method is to swim as near the person as possible, then dive under and come up behind him; otherwise he is liable to grab you around the neck with a death clutch, from which it is extremely difficult to escape.

When swimming up behind the person, grab his biceps and force him on his back; the more he struggles, the more he helps himself to keep afloat.

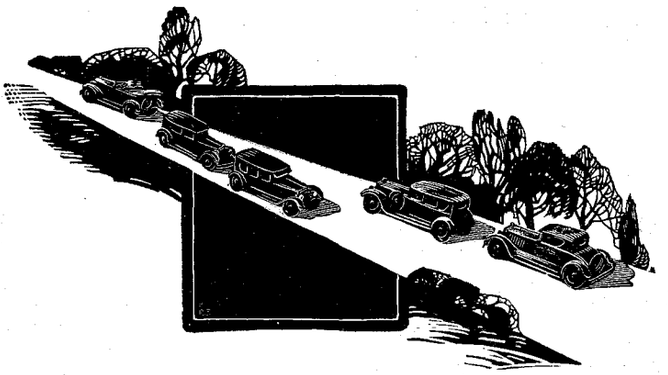
To prevent being clutched by a drowning person, the following rules should be carefully studied, Mr. Dalton tells us, adding that "every action, however, must be prompt and decisive, otherwise this method will be of no avail." Reading on:

If grasped by the wrists, turn both arms simultaneously against the drowning person, thumbs outward, and attempt to bring your arms at right-angles to your own body. This will dislocate the thumbs of the drowning person, and he must let go his hold.

If clutched around the neck, immediately take a deep breath, lean well over your opponent, place the left hand in the small part of his back and draw your right arm in an upward direction until in line with his shoulder, and pass it at once over his arm. Then with the thumb and forefinger catch his nose and pinch the nostrils close; at the same time place the palm of your hand on his chin and push firmly outward. This will cause him to open his mouth for breathing purposes, and he, being under you, will swallow water. Choking ensues, and not only is the rescuer freed, but the other is left so helpless as to be completely under control.

If clutched around the body and arms, take a deep breath, lean well over your opponent and throw the right arm in an upward direction at right-angles to the body, or draw it up between your body and that of your opponent. Then with the thumb and forefinger catch the nose and pinch the nostrils close, and at the same time place the palm of the hand on the chin and bring the right knee as high as possible up between the two bodies, placing it, if possible, against the lower part of your opponent's chest; then, by means of a strong and somewhat sudden push, stretch your arms and legs out straight, at the same time throwing the whole weight of the body backward. The sudden motion will press the air out of the other's lungs, as well as push him off, no matter how tightly he may be holding. He may then be seized from behind and rescued.

TO KEEP THE ROAD



OUT OF YOUR CAR

...and keep the dust out of your neighborhood...

It's halfway measures that are always difficult and costly. Getting rid of dust **entirely** is easy and inexpensive.

Dust on gravel and dirt roads is definitely ended when natural moisture from the air is put to work by a simple application of Flake Calcium Chloride.

This clean, white, odorless material makes roads smoother and better to drive on, too. It holds road surfaces together and prevents countless holes and ruts which usually require costly road repairs.

In this way it often saves enough of taxpayers' money to pay for the Calcium Chloride used as a dust preventive.

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Wanted--Friends to Buy Our Surplus

WHAT SHALL WE DO with our surplus?

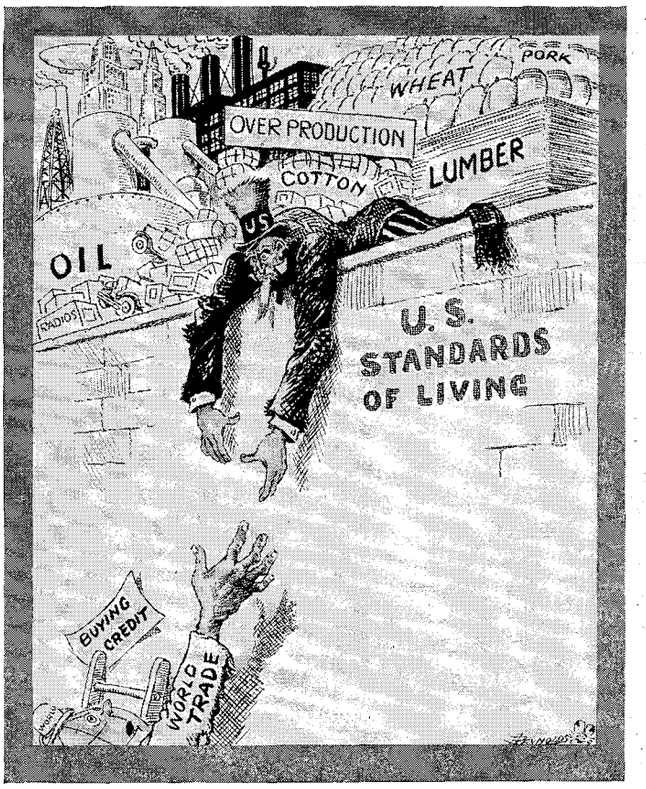
This is "our most vital and immediate economic question," asserts Owen D. Young, in a speech which wins him warm praise from the American press for a new step in economic leadership.

The remedy he advocates is the broadening of world credit facilities to create actual buyers for our excess wheat, cotton, and other products, and thus insure American prosperity. In other words, we must keep the good-will of our potential customers.

SPEAKING before the convention of the National Electric Light Association at San Francisco, Mr. Young, as quoted in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, said, in part:

> The American surplus is one problem, and not a series of problems, whether the surplus is in wheat, cotton, copper, oil, automobiles, or unemployed plants and men. . . . No intelligence of human beings is large enough to adjust our agricultural production to consumption in our domestic markets.
>
> Well, what shall we do with our surplus of wheat or cotton, or what you please?
>
> We must get rid of it.
>
> There are only two ways. Either we must burn it at home or sell it abroad. If America starts to burn surplus wheat when people are hungry elsewhere in the world, that fire will start a conflagration which we can not stop.
>
> If America burns surplus cotton when men are underclothed elsewhere in the world, that fire will start a conflagration which we can not stop. There is no way out except to market this surplus where men are hungry or underclothed.
>
> The idleness of men who wish to work is the most dangerous surplus which can exist in any country.
>
> Its paralyzing blight reaches not into our economics alone, but goes much further. We must learn how to deal with this kind of surplus.
>
> It is the same problem as our agricultural surplus, but it should be easier to deal with. It is ridiculous to speak of unemployment as a necessary condition of human society.
>
> It is nothing more than a maladjustment of its machinery. It is a blot on our intelligence. It is a drain on our sympathy. It is a promoter of charity which affects disadvantageously both those who give and those who receive.
>
> How can we market these surpluses, both agricultural and industrial?
>
> The method is well known. Those who need our goods are the potential buyers. One cultivates his potential buyers. He does not rebuff them. He seeks their friendship and their goodwill. If they need credit, he extends it. If they have goods which he can take in exchange, without curtailing the business of his own country, he makes it a point to take them.
>
> Is that the attitude of America to-day toward her potential customers?
>
> Are we creating good-will or bad-will in the countries where they live?
>
> Are we interesting ourselves in their welfare?
>
> Are we concerned about their living standards?
>
> Are we extending them credits through our financial machinery?
>
> Are we cooperating with them politically in order that they may improve their condition?
>
> Are we making friends, and so creating an attitude of mind, a spirit of relationship, which will convert potential customers into actual ones?
>
> I venture the prediction that we must do so if we are to conserve our own economic structure, not as a matter of charity, but of self-interest.

The people of America, and particularly the farmers with their agricultural surplus, and the wage earners with unemployment, must learn that the solution of their problem lies, not in a narrow isolation of America from the rest of the world, not in an insulation of our economic structure, but in the broadening of our interests, the extension of our aid, the development of our credit machinery, the improvement of the economic conditions of other folk, in order that they may buy what we so badly need to sell.



Friends in Need
—Reynolds in the Portland "Oregonian."

ONE of the many papers which praise Mr. Young for stating our economic problem concisely is the New York *World*, which adds that "our thinking has failed to keep pace with our economic evolution":

> During the past seven years we have been lending to foreign countries at an average rate of more than a billion dollars per year, and the total of such loans, excluding the war-time advances of the American Government to the Allies, has reached the impressive figure of sixteen billions.
>
> These loans created a new outlet for American goods. Without them our surpluses would have been greater and the problem of unemployment would have been more acute.
>
> Nevertheless, some of the spokesmen for farmers and for organized labor have bitterly criticized these loans, on the assumption that if this capital had been kept at home there would have been more demand for farm products and more jobs for American workers.

This failure to note that it is the products of labor and the farm which are really borrowed, and not money, only goes to show how our thinking has failed to keep pace with our economic evolution.

Why Not Platinum Money?

WHAT WITH THE INCREASING volume of world trade, meaning that more people use money, and the decrease in gold production since 1915, talk of bimetalism revives.

This "new bimetalistic train of thought" is suggested by Mr. R. Mordaunt in *The Bankers Magazine* of London, who gives serious consideration to the use of platinum as an auxiliary metal to supplement gold in world metallic currency. He makes the point that whereas gold production seems to be decreasing, platinum production is apparently on the upgrade. As *The American Banker* summarizes the article in the London periodical:

> After stating the necessary characteristics for currency as homogeneity, durability, ready divisibility, partibility, and intrinsic worth, Mr. Mordaunt states that platinum had the physical properties justifying its use as an auxiliary to gold. It is, he points out, the hardest, toughest, and heaviest of metals, with a brilliant luster, and will not tarnish or rust.
>
> In its use as an auxiliary currency, its price would have to be fixt in terms of weight of gold, and its use made legal tender. Its employment could be restricted to bankers only, and for this reason it could be used always in bullion form.

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(Rated Capacities from 2½ tons up)

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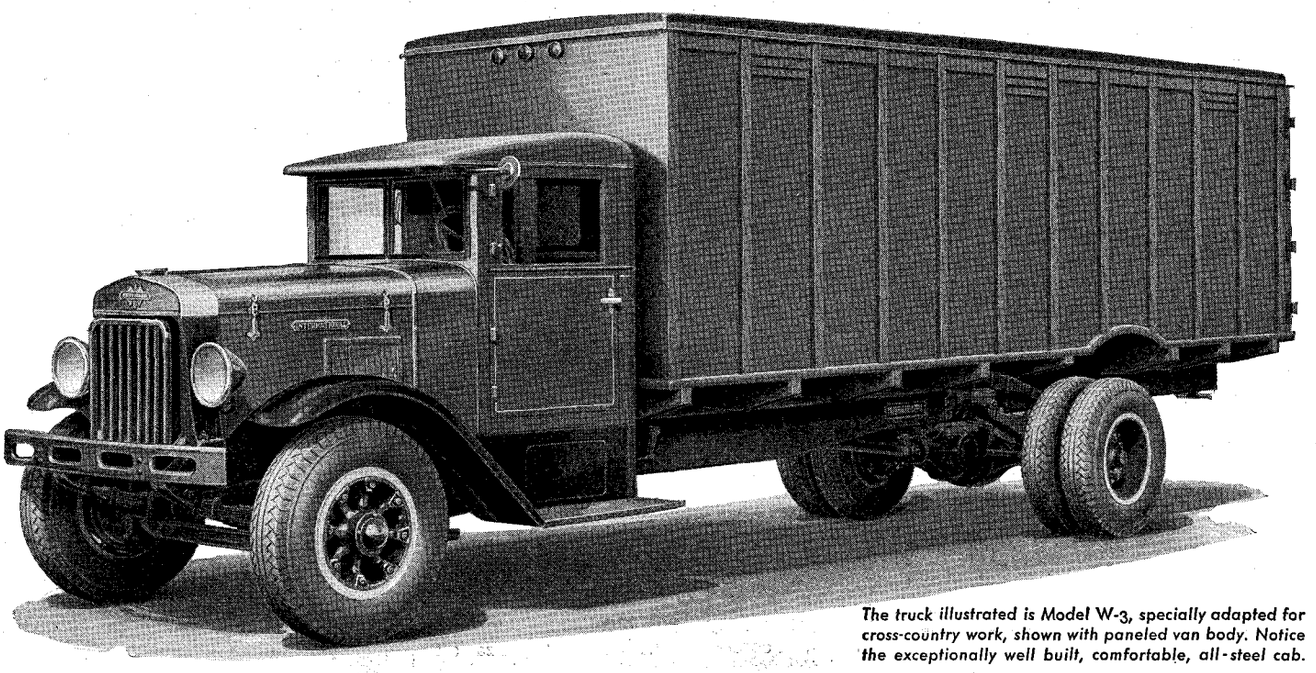

The truck illustrated is Model W-3, specially adapted for cross-country work, shown with paneled van body. Notice the exceptionally well built, comfortable, all-steel cab.

BRIEF FACTS

Wheelbase: 13 different lengths, fitting every job and load.

Engine: Valve-in-head; overhead camshaft; powerful, simple, and unusually accessible.

Clutch: Single plate with built-in vibration damper.

Transmission: 5 speeds forward, 2 reverse.

Final Drive: Double reduction herringbone gear type.

Springs: Semi-elliptic, front and rear. Auxiliary rear springs, quarter elliptic.

Brakes: 4-wheel mechanical.

The new heavy-duty line and other International models, ranging from ¾-ton up, are sold and serviced by 180 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada and dealers everywhere.

THE new International Heavy-Duty Trucks have good looks in every line — stamina in every part — unrivaled performance in every mile. They are powered and geared to pull into and out of anything the day's work offers. All have five speeds forward and two reverse.

Under the new hood you'll find an unusually accessible heavy-duty engine, thoroughly in keeping with the truck's powerful appearance. Vibrationless, it develops great power at low engine speed with surprising fuel economy. Reserve strength to match the engine's ample power has been built into every chassis member, into the clutch, transmission, drive shaft, rear axle assembly—and into the truck as a whole. In all its parts and features, every one of the new Internationals is a truck to shoulder the country's hardest work and walk away with it.

You'll want to get acquainted with this new line. See these trucks at the nearest showroom or ask us to send you a folder.

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COURAGE in Business

ALL MODERN industrial and mercantile expansion depends upon *Courage.* It explains progress. It determines the limits of individual success. It is the physical expression of confidence and belief.

Business moves forward only so far as it is led by men with the vision of new conditions, new ideas, new forces, new methods —*and the courage to put them through.*

Companies lacking this leadership are left behind after every period of inflation. Courage is not governed by conditions; it controls conditions. It not only recognizes, but *corrects,* weak organization, backwardness, inefficiency.

Courage is inspired by knowledge. Knowledge dispels fear. Exact knowledge of one's business comes from the analysis of facts incident to sound planning, and from the frequent comparison of operating results with a well-made Budget. Weaknesses and wastes are made apparent, and knowledge of better ways, *with courage,* eliminates them.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

Dividend Prospects in Aviation

VISIONS of the feast which it sees just ahead are feeding the hopes of the aviation industry as it "plugs along" on short rations.

Ever since the stock market collapse of last fall, it seems, the industry has been cut off from "the flood tide of easy money and whoopee investments," which gave it "more money than it knew what to do with." But in 1930 there has been "a wholesale awakening, which gives indication of hard-headed adjustments."

So we are told by Lemuel F. Parton, a writer for the Consolidated Press Association, who has been making an intensive study of "the profit hurdle in aviation," comparing American and European attainments.

How far away is the dividend goal for American companies? What are the chief obstacles to be surmounted? Mr. Parton tells us that the industry now faces a "vicious circle": it needs a greater volume of traffic to increase its income, and it also needs a greater income to increase traffic. "Leaders in aviation are confident," he adds, "that it has sufficient reserves of capital, brains, technical skill and competence in management to work its way through." Furthermore, they declare that the industry, "both in manufacturing and operating, is on the upturn." Mr. Parton writes:

The activity of General Motors in aviation, in connection with the reorganization of the Fokker Aircraft Corporation into the General Aviation Corporation, a holding company to acquire the Dornier Company of America, has disclosed a new stirring in the aviation world and a renewed drive toward the dividend goal which the air-pioneers see not far ahead.

While aviation in America went into a bit of a tail-spin last November, with a drop both in security prices and passengers carried, it has righted itself with surprizing vitality and Wall Street's cold scrutiny of the financial position of the industry gives no cause for discouragement. But the fact remains that the new half-billion dollar industry is still a nursling, and concentration of public interest is shifting from the laboratories and testing fields to the accounting department.

With such moves as that of General Motors and of investment bankers who are unhesitatingly underwriting the industry, it becomes clear that perhaps the industrialists and financiers have a bird's-eye view not disclosed to the groundlings and that the coupon-clipping will start before long. . . .

The men in the counting houses, trained to routing their dollars over round trips, have even instituted psychological studies determining the respective attitudes of men and women toward flying, with the surprizing disclosure that women are more "air-minded."

They have checked off and apportioned the thirty-three working, and possibly flying, years allotted to a generation and

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sifted out the oncoming youngsters, less resistant to the beckoning of the clouds than their elders; personnel, technology, finance and, above all, economic lifting power have been assayed, and after all this, the safe, conservative finding is that the industry, both in manufacturing and operating, is on the upturn.

POINTING out that "some writers have made invidious comparisons between aviation in America and Europe, giving the impression that in Great Britain and on the continent aviation has become a paying business," Mr. Parton tells us that "the answer to this is that the European systems, without exception, have barnacled onto the blimp of government subsidy." Continuing:

While this has stacked the cards unfavorably against America, on any showing with this factor removed, aviation is a healthy and vigorous fledgling, and consulting the cold calculators, rather than the shouters, there is plenty of nourishment for the investor who realizes the necessity of absorbing pioneering costs and nursing a landlocked populace up into the air. . . .

Operating comparisons between European and American systems show that, while in many cases the former have been able to get more persons into the air, at the same time American technical efficiency in manufacturing and operating has offset this and Uncle Sam has pretty well held his own, in spite of the higher prices, recently lowered, and in spite of the government subsidies in Europe.

These comparisons narrow the problem of American success to that of volume.

Last year's financial statements of all the leading companies show, on the basis of unit costs of carrying passengers, mail and express, that the aviation industry is a going concern, provided the line forms at the ticket window.

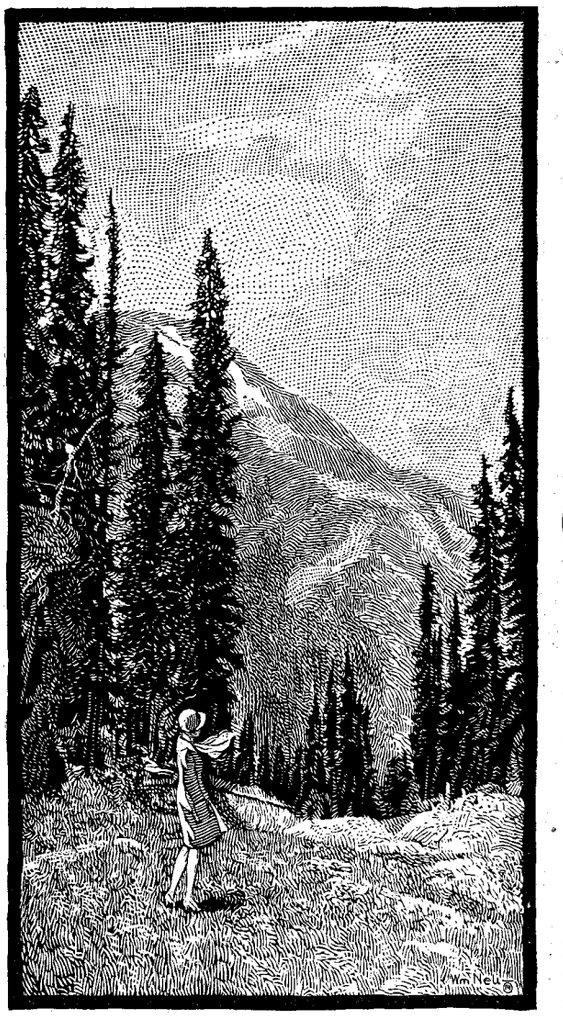
This is true in spite of the fact that during these earlier years the industry must absorb the tremendous cost of building flying-fields, of high-priced executive personnel in organization and promotion work, technical and economic research and other assessments which will be written off with a completed industrial and financial structure.

To expect fat dividends now would be like demanding 100 per cent. returns from a partially tenanted and unfinished building.

Leaders of the industry, with few exceptions, are convinced that the absence of a government subsidy has been an aid rather than a detriment to operations.

It has, they say, conditioned the industry in its early stages to a complete reliance on its own wings, and has brought a concentration on pay load and volume, which would not have been brought about had the pioneering systems been fed on a bottle.

MR. PARTON cites two steps which he says will immensely benefit the industry. One was the reduction of airplane fares, from ten to around five cents per mile a few months ago, which increased passenger traffic 400 per cent. in ten days. The Federal Government, more recently, "has vastly heartened the entire industry by passing the Wattres bill, which allows a diversified load of air-mail and passengers, and opens the way for a greatly augmented volume of mail traveling by air."



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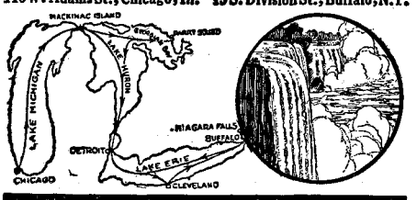

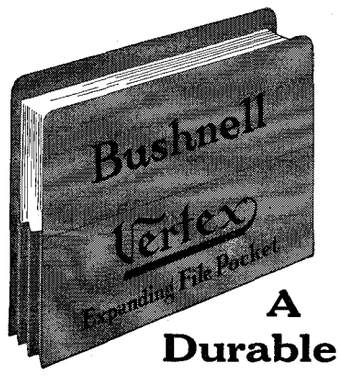

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

June 24.—Forty convicts are killed in a dash for liberty from the jail at Rangoon, Burma, India.

June 25.—Maj. Charles Kingsford-Smith and his crew of three, flying the *Southern Cross*, reach Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, from Ireland.

June 26.—French troops leave the German Palatinate after twelve years' occupation, preparatory to the end of all the occupation of the Rhineland.

King Christian opens the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of Iceland's Althing, or Parliament.

June 27.—Representatives of Iceland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland sign a treaty on Law Rock, where Iceland established her independence 1,000 years ago, pledging themselves never to go to war, but to submit all disputes to the Hague Court.

With its armies in full retreat in Shantung Province, the Nanking Government in China withdraws 50,000 men from Southern battle-fields, where they opposed Communist and bandit hordes, to reenforce the Honan Northern front, in what is said to be the most critical phase of China's civil war.

June 28.—The Bolivian revolutionists are reported victorious everywhere in the republic against the Siles régime, which is alleged to have violated the constitution by attempting to retain Dr. Fernando Siles in the Presidency.

June 29.—Pope Pius XI proclaims as saints six French Jesuit priests and two French lay brothers who were martyred for their faith in Canada and northern New York State in the first half of the seventeenth century.

The council of six Army officers in control of the revolutionary government in Bolivia issues a decree declaring that the fundamental aim of the revolution is to insure the constitutional order of succession to the Presidency, and promising free elections.

June 30.—In an allocution at the secret consistory for the creation of five new Cardinals, Pope Pius repudiates responsibility for the religio-political trouble in Malta, and deplores what he says is government aid to Protestant proselytism in Italy.

The evacuation of the Rhineland by the troops of the Allied Powers is completed when the French tricolor comes down at Mainz.

Twenty people are killed in a clash between Communists and police in the city of Matamoros, State of Coahuila, Mexico.

The British House of Commons rejects the proposal to build a tunnel under the English Channel.

Domestic

June 26.—President Hoover vetoes the $102,000,000 war veterans' bill, and a little later the House passes, 365 to 4, the Johnson substitute measure, carrying a maximum monthly disability payment of $40 a month, at a cost of $50,000,000 the first year, and an eventual annual expenditure of $80,000,000.

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The Cornell varsity crew wins the intercollegiate rowing regatta on the Hudson, more than three lengths ahead of Syracuse, in second place.

The *Southern Cross* arrives at Roosevelt Field, New York, from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Figures made public by Secretary of Commerce Lamont show that in an area covering one-fourth of the population of the United States there are 574,647, or 2 per cent., of the population unemployed.

June 27.—The Senate votes to reduce the appropriations for the National Commission for Law Observance and Enforcement from $250,000 to $50,000, and President Hoover announces that "not for one moment" will he abandon his effort to have the problem of enforcement of all laws investigated, and that he intends to obtain $100,000 from private sources for the inquiry.

Maj. Charles Kingsford-Smith and his companions in the flight from Ireland to Newfoundland are formally received by the Mayor and officials of New York City, and gold medals and scrolls commemorating their achievement are presented to them.

June 28.—More than 1,000 Communists attempting to storm the doors of the British consulate in New York City to protest against British rule in India are driven off by the police after a severe struggle.

June 29.—The minority report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee condemns the London Naval Treaty on the ground that it fails to give the United States parity in sea strength with Great Britain, and does not materially reduce the expenses of the American Navy.

Roger Q. Williams and two companions make a round-trip non-stop flight between New York and Bermuda, a distance of 1,560 miles, in 17 hours and 1 minute.

June 30.—The United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York orders that Dr. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, Professor of Theology at Yale Divinity School, and Miss Marie Averil Bland, a Canadian war-nurse, who had been barred from citizenship because of pacifist views, be admitted to citizenship.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, pure food expert, and sponsor of the pure food and drugs law, and for thirty years chief of the Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, dies at his home in Washington. He was eighty-five.

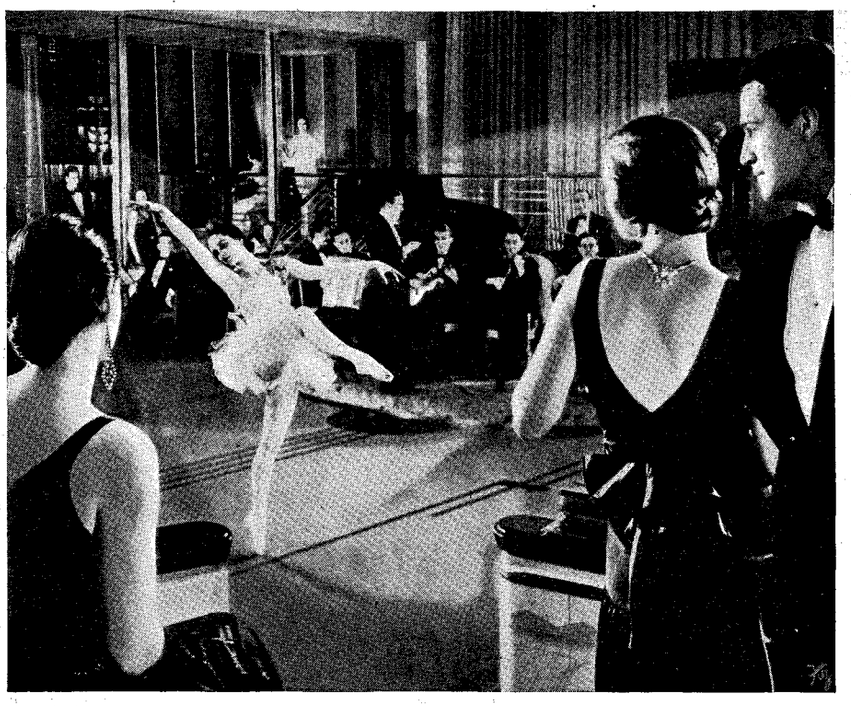
Putting Two and Two Together. — With a screech of brakes the New York-to-Chicago Limited came to a sudden stop. Passengers, hurled from their seats in the third car, were scrambling about excitedly when a conductor rushed in.

"Everything's all right," he shouted. "Some one pulled the emergency cord and the brakes took hold too quickly. The last car has left the rails. No one's hurt," he assured them, "but we'll be delayed about three hours."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed a young man, "three hours, and I'm to be married this evening in Chicago."

The conductor swung about and regarded the young man angrily.

"Say," he demanded, "are you the bird who pulled that cord?"—*Judge.*



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Fido's Dental Job.—BEGGAR—"Do you pull out teeth gratis?"

DENTIST—"No, but my dog puts teeth in gratis."—*Der Brummer (Berlin).*

Up and Coming.—POLICEMAN—"Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour!"

SHE—"Oh, isn't that splendid! I only learnt to drive yesterday."—*Hyde Reporter.*

Watch Your Step.—A builder who was speaking in public for the first time said: "I am unaccustomed to public speaking. My proper place is on the scaffold."—*Christian World.*

Take His Finger-Prints.—CONSTABLE—"Have you seen any suspicious looking people around here lately?"

DAD—"Yes, a bloke took a rabbit out o' me whiskers lars' night at the circus."—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*

Might Have Tried a Plumber.—FIRST NEW ENGLANDER—"So you had an operation on your nose?"

SECOND NEW ENGLANDER—"Yes, it was getting so I could hardly talk through it."—*Christian Register.*

Slow Freight.—OLD LADY—"Where did those large rocks come from?"

TIRED GUIDE—"The glaciers brought them down."

"But where are the glaciers?"

"They've gone back after more rocks."—*Stray Stories.*

Soul of Industry.—APPLICANT (for position of office boy)—"I may say I'm pretty smart. I've won several prizes in cross-word and word-picture competitions lately."

EMPLOYER—"Yes, but I want some one who can be smart during office hours."

"This was during office hours."—*Epworth Herald.*

Debt of Honor.—"Say, doctor," said the brawny scrubwoman, "yer gettin' a perty good thing out of tendin' that rich Smith boy, ain't yer?"

"Well," said the doctor amused, "I get a pretty good fee, yes. Why?"

"Well, Doc, I 'opes yer won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that 'it 'im."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

By-By, Nursie.—Mr. Jones had just returned from the office and was introduced to the new nurse, who was astonishingly pretty.

"She is sensible and scientific, too," said Mrs. Jones, "and she says she will allow no one to kiss the baby while she is near."

"No one would want to," replied Mr. Jones.

"Indeed!" snapt the fond mother.

"I mean, not while she is near," faltered the father, endeavoring to make things better.

The nurse did not stay long.—*Boston Transcript.*

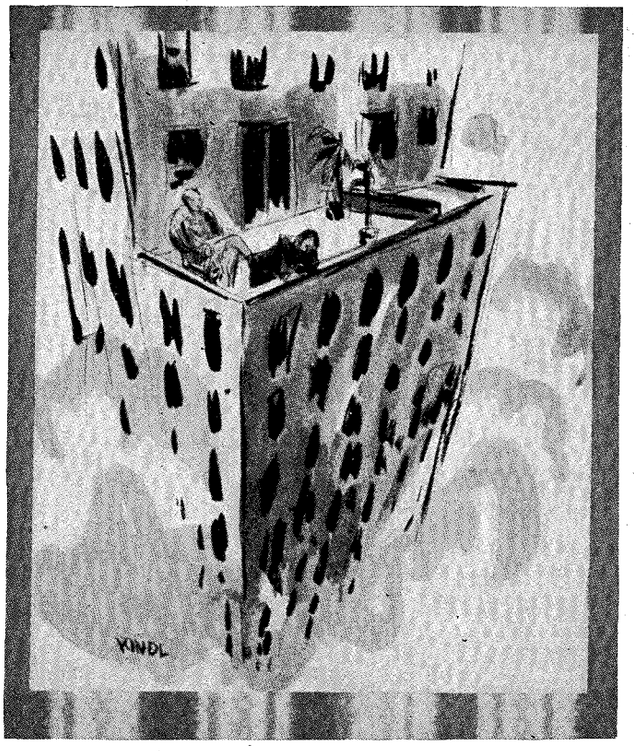
In Leading Strings.—LAWYER—"Had you complete command of yourself at the time?"

WITNESS—"No, sir. My wife was with me."—*Humorist (London).*

Origin of Strip Poker.—Let's pause long enough to shed a tear for the American Indian.

The white man copped his lands.
The college boy his yell, and
The flappers his paint!

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



"Some day it would be nice to go back and visit my old parents on the fourth floor."

—"The New Yorker."

Rack and Thumbscrews.—"Do you know the motive in that Russian composition they are playing?"

"By the sound I should judge it was revenge."—*Boston Transcript.*

Tip to Headquarters.—"So your son isn't going to marry that girl you objected to, eh? What did you do, tell him you'd disinherit him?"

"No; I told the girl."—*Army and Navy Journal.*

All Forgiven.—MAGISTRATE—"But if you were doing nothing wrong, why did you run when the officer approached you?"

PRISONER—"I thought that he wanted to sell me a ticket for the policemen's annual concert."—*Humorist (London).*

Speaking of Angels.—"It is extraordinary that Mrs. Jenks can never see any faults in her children," observed Mrs. Smith.

"Mothers never can," remarked her husband.

"What an absurd idea, James! So like a man, I'm sure I should see faults in our children at once—if they had any."—*Chicago News.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Quiet Vacation.—He returned to his duties Monday after several weeks' absence due to his death.—*Altoona Tribune.*

Punishment Fits the Crime.—
TWO DRUNKS WINED
—*Head-line in the Moncton Transcript.*

All Alive and Kicking.—
Infantry Mounted Officer's bride, complete.—"*For Sale*" *ad in the Toronto Mail and Empire.*

A Host in Herself.—Special music by trio composed by Mrs. H. M. Dace—*Harlingen (Tex.) paper.*

Ouch!—He reorganized the Springfield electric railroad and put it on his feet.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

About Time!—
WOODEN BRIDES
TO BE ABANDONED
—*Salem (Ore.) Statesman.*

Beating the Bandits.—
170 CARS STOLEN IN MAY
POLICE RECOVER 181
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

We'd Prefer Small Change.—
RAILROAD TO PAY
FOR CAR CRASH
WITH ELEPHANTS
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Extremes Meet.—
"SONG OF THE FLAME"
Refrigerated
Ad in the New York Evening World.

Boosting the Dollar Book Trade.—One Table of Children's Books, reduced from 10c to $1 each.—*Washington Star.*

Timely Visit.—Mrs. Julia T. H— is visiting her sister, who is seriously well.—*Cleveland (Tenn.) paper.*

Absent-Minded.—Lost—Left home, 2 unconscious pigs, one black and white spotted, other red and black.—*Harrisonburg (Va.) paper.*

Alimentary Incorruptibility.—"Texas would not trade its traditions, its history, its grandeur for all the eats in the United States Senate."—*Norman (Okla.) paper.*

Is It Worth the Price?—Promoter Jess McMahan wired Jack Sharkey an offer of $50.00 to meet Phil Scott at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, late this summer.—*Houston Press.*

Getting 'Em Hot Under the Collar.—All widows in the building are to be weather stript, a cost which is expected to be taken care of in the saving afforded in heating the building.—*Fort Worth Telegram.*

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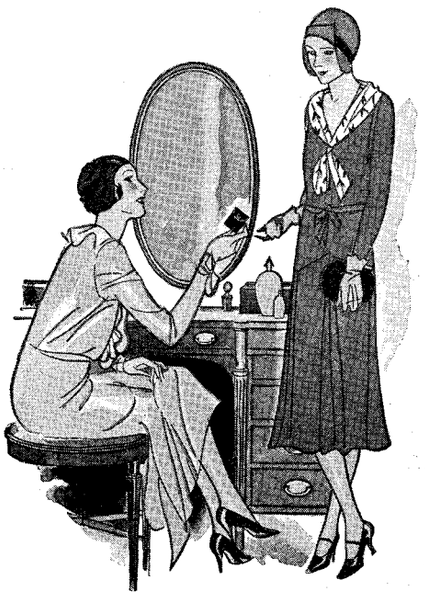

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

aborigine.—"P. E. S.," Menomonee Falls, Wis.—The singular form has been in literary use since 1864. It is pronounced *ab''o-rij'i-ni*—*a* as in *at*, *o* as in *obey*, first *i* as in *hit*, *j* as in *jet*, second *i* as in *habit*, and third *i* as in *police*. In his "Mission to Dahomey" (p. 19), Richard Burton wrote "The Bube . . . is an *aborigine* of the mainland."

desert; dessert.—"S. F. H.," Northfield, Vt.—The word *desert* is correctly pronounced as if spelled *dez'ert*. The word *dessert* is correctly pronounced *de-zurt'*. Formerly among the Scots the pronunciation of the latter word was *dez-zurt'*, and the pronunciation was indicated by John Walker in 1807 and by Worcester as late as 1853. It is possible that the Worcester pronunciation still prevails in the region where you live, and has been handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter, as these things generally are.

inasmuch as.—"A. E. S.," Miami Beach, Fla.—This phrase may be written as four separate words, but dictionary preference is as printed here. It was written so by Wyclif in 1380, but Chaucer made four words of it in 1386. Tindale printed it as four words in 1526, and it was so spelled in 1577. In 1711 the solid-word form, originated by Wyclif, was restored to use and kept as in harmony with the genius of the language.

is, are.—"H. B. C.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The correct sentence is "John Smith and J. Smith *is* one and the same person." Dr. James C. Fernald in his "English Grammer Simplified" writes: "When two or more singular nominatives connected by *and denote the same person or thing*, they take *a verb in the singular;* as, The husband *and* father *was* devoted to his family."

légionnaire; chaperon.—"E. L. G.," Toledo, Ohio.—*Légionnaire*, derived from Latin *lego, legere*, "chosen, picked," is the form accepted today. It is a French word and follows the French spelling; its English equivalent "legionary" is not now in wide use.

The forms *chaperon*, *chapperon*, and *chaperone* have all been in use for a married or elderly woman who escorts a young girl. The plural is formed by adding *s*. The original *chaperon* is French for "hood," a diminutive of *chape*, "cape." The spelling *chaperone* is the result of ignorance, and arises from the supposition that, as the term is applied to a woman—a *débutante* escorted by a married woman who shelters her as a hood shelters the face—it should be given the feminine termination.

lesser.—"C. W. S.," Wilmington, Del.—This term is an adjective surviving in Tudorian use, and in the names of certain constellations, as the *Lesser* Bear, the *Lesser* Dog, and also the *Lesser* Doxology in religious terminology.

Read Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (act v, sc. 4, l. 108), or *Comedy of Errors*, (act i, sc. 1, l. 109). He used *lesser* repeatedly—at least twenty times, if not more—and others after him used it also.

Natalie.—"A. N.," East Lansing, Mich.—This name is pronounced *nat'a-li*—first *a* as in *at*, second *a* as in *final*, and *i* as in *habit*. The French pronunciation is *na''ta''li'*—the *a's* as in *artistic*, and the *i* as in *police*. *Nathalia* is pronounced *na''ta''lya'*—the three *a's* as in *art*.

practise.—"V. C. G.," Babson Park, Fla.—We know that this word came into use through the French, spelled with an "s" in 1494. Others claim that it came through the Latin in 1623, but have not substantiated their claim. We do not deny that the French may have drawn it from the Latin, but its first use in English has been traced to the Normans, and Shakespeare established the form *practise*, which he used exclusively in his plays.

rhythm.—"A. M. F.," Pocatello, Ida.—The pronunciation of the word is *rithm* (*i* as in *hit*, *th* as in *this*). By the earlier lexicographers the *th* was indicated as having the sound of *th* in *thorn;* only Knowles (1835), Smart (1840), and Cull (1864), gave it the sound of *th* as in *this*.

subtle.—"J. T. M.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The *b* in this word is silent as it is also in *tomb*. There is only one correct way in which to pronounce the term and that is *sut'l* (the *u* as in *but*). Good usage does not recognize the pronunciation *sub'tle*.

trimonthly.—"A. W. D.," New York City.—A report submitted *once every three months*, or one submitted *three times in a month*, may be correctly termed *a trimonthly* report. Usage sanctions this, for the prefix *tri-* means *three*, and also *three times* or *thrice*.

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